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A Path to Clearer Thinking

★

Childbirth without Pain

★

Home-Owning Made Easy

★

Squaring the Family Circle

★

Profits from Idleness

★

The Coronet Gallery of Art and Photographs

★

—AND 19 OTHER FEATURES BY

LORD DUNSANY

WILL IRWIN

FRED C. KELLY

LOUIS ZARA

ALAN DEVOE

AND OTHERS

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JUNE, 1939

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET
for
JUNE
1939

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A PATH TO CLEARER THINKING

TO AVOID MUDDLED THOUGHT, TOSS OUT YOUR FALLACIES BY THE SCRUFF OF THEIR NECKS

HERE lately it has struck me that, with a bewildering variety of problems requiring clear thinking, we are more than ever inclined to confusion in our thinking. Here are a few examples, in condensed form, of the sort of thing I mean:

1. Jones was one of the best governors our state ever had. During his term of office the farmers made more money than ever before. I think we ought to re-elect him to continue good times.

2. Smith is an example of the influence of good heredity. He is a direct descendant of an early governor of one of the original thirteen states and now we find him a highly successful man. This proves that blood will tell.

3. Father had rheumatism until he quit eating sugar. It was the sugar that had caused his rheumatism.

4. I took a good dose of aspirin and the next day my cold was much better. The aspirin cured it.

5. The leaves are falling. Frost causes leaves to fall. Therefore there must have been a frost.

6. Bernard Shaw has written wonderful plays and is still vigorous at a ripe old age. Shaw is a vegetarian. If he had not avoided meat he would not have had this successful life.

7. The troubles of the world are a direct result of the World War and the Versailles Treaty.

8. Early to bed, early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

9. Juvenile crime rates are usually highest in the sections of the city where incomes are lowest. Therefore poverty is the main cause of juvenile delinquency.

10. Children who attend the movies excessively are found to have low scholastic records in school. Too much attendance at the movies caused these low records.

11. Income in the United States reached its highest point during

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the presidency of Herbert Hoover. The cause of this prosperity was the fact that the Republican Party was in power.

12. A strawberry grower used electrified wires six inches above all his plants. The fruit is larger than usual and ripens sooner. The improved condition of the fruit was caused by the heat from the wires.

Every one of the foregoing examples has, at least partly, the same fault—the tendency to oversimplify and assume that one possible influence toward a result was the *sole* influence. Many events or situations—the Russian revolution for example—had dozens of causes, but we like to save bother by picking just one as *the* cause. The man who was a descendant of an early American governor had probably at least sixty-three other ancestors of the same generation, some of whom may have been bad eggs; farmers' prosperity during a certain state administration may have been caused more by a drought abroad and great demand for foodstuffs than by any act of the governor. Frost does cause leaves to fall, but sometimes they fall for other reasons. Bernard Shaw may have been successful in spite of his vegetarianism rather than because of it. Many persons who go to bed early are not healthy, wealthy or wise.

Now for a slightly different variety of faulty reasoning:

1. A dog howled and a few hours later Uncle George died. The dog must have had a premonition of the death.

2. It's a misty morning. We'll have a hot day.

3. The ship that sank started out on Friday the 13th and that was why it met with misfortune.

In such statements there is an unwarranted assumption of relation between two events. Dogs howl when no one is dying; people die when no dog howls. We have misty mornings not followed by heat, and hot days when there was no misty morning. Because two things go together it does not necessarily follow that one caused the other. The cock crows and the dawn comes, but the cock crowing did not cause the dawn.

Sometimes when we arrive at a wrong conclusion, we may have started with a false assumption or else reasoned illogically from the facts. Someone asks: Why is it that if a goldfish is placed in a bowl filled to the brim with water, the water does not overflow? But the water *would* overflow. Why does worry cause gray hair? Has it ever been proved that worry *does* cause

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gray hair? This use of false assumptions is a favorite device of a certain type of political speaker to create illogical thinking among his hearers. "Why has the party of my opponent taken steps which destroyed much of our foreign trade?"—without offering any proof either that foreign trade has been destroyed, or that acts of the opposing party had anything to do with it.

Many false assumptions, sometimes in the form of misquotations of old maxims, are repeated until they come to be accepted as unassailable. "It's the exception that proves the rule." Naturally an exception to a rule tends to *dis*prove rather than to prove it, and if there are enough exceptions, the rule is worthless. The original quotation was: "It's the exception that *probes* (or tests) the rule."

Another error is to assume that what is true of one part must be true of the whole. "What has happened in the automobile industry shows that modern technique is able to create continually greater wealth with the employment of proportionately fewer persons. This means that a smaller proportion of the total wealth is distributed in wages and salaries, and that, as the bulk of our population maintains itself out of wages and salaries, the majority of the people receives a smaller share of the total social product." The conclusion might be true, or might at some future time be true, but certainly the statement made does not prove it.

"Socialists believe in public ownership of railroads. This man admits he believes in public ownership of railroads. Therefore this man is a socialist." That is like saying: "Communists like ham and eggs. This man likes ham and eggs. Therefore this man is a Communist." Or, "All railroad coaches have wheels. This automobile has wheels. Therefore this automobile is a railroad coach."

Here is another kind of false reasoning:

"People may be divided into two classes—those who want to work hard and get ahead and those who prefer to loaf and live off others." The categories and divisions are too sharp—a black and white arrangement, with no greys. Naturally there are people who would work hard in one situation but not in another.

"This man is either a knave or a fool. He is not a fool. Therefore he must be a knave." But he may be neither.

Many illogical statements consist of talking in circles or begging

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the question. "To allow every man an unbounded freedom of speech must always on the whole be advantageous to the state; for it is highly conducive to the interests of the community that each person should enjoy unlimited liberty in expressing his sentiments."

"The government should not attempt to regulate industries, because that would not fall within governmental functions."

In each of these examples there is no attempt to prove the opening statement but simply to repeat it in different phrasing.

Another form of careless thinking comes from accepting dubious analogies. "Every housekeeper knows that the best thing for her to do is to cut down her expenditures to fit her income. Therefore the United States should now cut down its expenditures to fit its income." The analogy may not necessarily be sound. What one person may be able to do might be disastrous if attempted by a whole nation.

"In a storm persons sitting in a boat should not rock it. We are now passing through the worst economic storm in our history and should not rock the boat by attempting any important changes."

"People should not go into the water without knowing how to swim. Likewise, people should not have liberty until they have learned how to use it."

Is either analogy close enough to prove anything?

Much confusion in thinking comes from a failure properly to define terms. If we define a chair as something having four legs and a back and that may be sat upon, the same thing might be said of a horse; and it might make much difference to the understanding of a listener whether he thinks of a chair *or* a horse.

"This bill must be opposed because it is un-American." Here the important thing is what is meant by un-American.

"I believe in internationalism." It would make a big difference in a discussion whether the statement means international co-operation or placing interests of *all* nations ahead of one's own.

We often fail to define terms when we begin arguments. Consequently we sometimes hear: "Oh, if *that* is what you mean by Socialism (or Fascism) then we agree completely."

While walking through the woods a man saw a squirrel at the foot of a tree. The squirrel climbed the tree and kept itself hidden from view on the side opposite the man. As the man walked

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around the tree, attempting to see the squirrel, the squirrel kept going around to keep itself constantly out of sight. Did the man walk around the squirrel? The answer depends entirely on how the word "around" is defined. If it means going north, east, south and west of the squirrel, then he has gone around it. But if it means going in front of, then to one side, and behind the squirrel, with nothing between them, he has not gone around it.

Akin to the failure to define terms is the use of phrasing capable of being interpreted into more than one meaning. A young man says: "I admire redheaded girls." Does he mean that he admires *all* redheaded girls regardless of what other attributes they may have; that he simply admires a good many redheaded girls; or that he might admire the red hair on a girl he otherwise does not like?

Here are a number of other examples of faulty reasoning, selected at random from conversations:

"Insane people are placed in hospitals. This man is in an insane hospital. Therefore he is insane."

But sometimes sane people are wrongly committed. A typical fallacy is that one item of proof has been used for complete proof.

"He is a clever lawyer and should be a good foreign ambassador."

"Henry Ford has made a great success as a manufacturer and would be a valuable addition to the United States Senate."

But it does not follow that a man successful in one line would necessarily be so in another.

"Men drivers are more frequently involved in accidents than are women drivers. Therefore men are more careless drivers than women."

It ignores the fact that there are more men drivers than women.

"A man was found with a bullet in his head. No other marks were discovered. Death was caused by the bullet wound."

Maybe so, but there is not enough data to draw an unassailable conclusion.

"The *Literary Digest* predicts the election of Landon. Four years ago the *Literary Digest* poll was accurate. Therefore it is accurate now and Landon will be elected."

But much depends on the nature of the sampling in making a poll and the point of view of the strata of the population that was sampled had changed in four years. In testing the percentage of butter fat in milk, it wouldn't do to take a sample from the top of

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the bottle nor from the bottom, but to shake the bottle and thus obtain a fair sample of the entire contents.

"You have a Chinese servant and mine is Japanese. It is well known that the Chinese are more honest than the Japanese. Therefore your servant is more honest than mine."

Has it ever been conclusively proved that the Chinese are more honest than the Japanese? Even if it were, would it be true of every single individual in each country, without exception? Mightn't the Chinese servant mentioned be the *one* dishonest Chinese?

"The outbreak of the World War followed closely upon the murder of an Austrian archduke at Sarajevo. The World War was caused by the murder of an archduke."

But wasn't the murder of the archduke the *occasion* for starting the war rather than the *cause?* (These two are often confused.) Weren't there many other more basic causes that had been brewing for years?

"I'm much older than you and therefore have much greater knowledge of life."

But is age the only thing that gives one knowledge? How about superior mentality? If age were the only factor, then the oldest man living would be the one who knows the most.

"The witness says he has known Dr. James for years and that he is of the highest intelligence. Therefore we may feel sure that this is true."

The first thing to be determined is what one means by "highest intelligence," and then to know if the witness can qualify as one capable of determining if a particular person has it.

"It is desirable that most men should work at least fifty-four hours a week."

Desirable for whom? For the men doing the work? For their employers? Or for the community at large?

"You can't get away from the fact that the fit are most likely to survive."

The fit for what?

I know a man who collects examples of faulty reasoning that he reads or hears from day to day. He says it's lots of fun. Maybe it would be a good hobby for others. If enough people thus began to recognize fallacies and demanded more accurate thinking on the part of writers and speakers, then there might be a contagion of greater clarity.

—FRED C. KELLY

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INGRES' VIOLIN

POINTING UP THE MORAL THAT ALL OF US SHOEMAKERS HAD BEST STICK TO OUR LASTS

EVERYONE knows what a really grand French painter Ingres was in the first half of the last century. But perhaps you never heard of the ruling passion, the overwhelming ambition, of this great painter.

Not painting, by any means. Not at all. It was playing the violin. As soon as he put down brush and palette, he took up his fiddle. He was a rich man and entertained lavishly. All the notables of Paris attended his parties. Those who were cunning enough, would escape from the parties in good time, before the artist suddenly appeared with his violin and announced cheerfully:

"Mesdames, Messieurs, I am going to play something for you."

The great painter's violin playing was as bad as his painting was good. The company listened with resignation for a while, but presently one after the other tiptoed out of the room.

Ever since, Parisians are wont to say of a politician who is proud of being a wonderful shot, or of a great physician who fancies himself as an ace bridge player: *C'est son violon d'Ingres!* Meaning that shooting or cards are for them what the violin was for Ingres.

Frederick the Great, who was pretty good at being Frederick the Great, believed that he was born to be a writer of tragedies. When he read his first tragedy to Voltaire, the latter ragged him terribly about it. Frederick was so furious that he straightway sent Voltaire into prison. Of course, he let him out the next day.

A month later Frederick started to read his new tragedy to Voltaire.

Hardly had he read a page when Voltaire got up from his chair and started for the door.

"Where are you going, Monsieur?"

"Into prison, Sire!"

Writing tragedies was Frederick the Great's *violon d'Ingres*.

—ERNEST SZÉP

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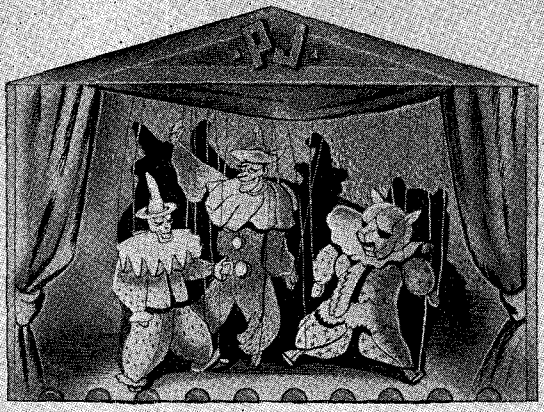

A PORTFOLIO OF MARIONETTES

AMERICA was not yet a nation when it saw its first marionettes. As early as 1739, an English company crossed the Atlantic to put on marionette shows and evoke an interest that soon made these performances a regular feature of colonial entertainment. In the 19th century, Spaniards and Italians brought over their traveling shows. Eventually, America was making its own marionettes. Typical examples of these are the ones reproduced here from the collection of the Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project under the Works Progress Administration. Produced between 1870 and 1880 by members of the Lano family of Flint, Michigan, these are of two types—the string marionettes and the hand puppets which are worked by the hand and fingers inserted into the figure as if it were a glove.

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JESTER. Head, hands and feet are hand-carved. The clothes have been modernized. Approximately 20″ high.

KING SAUL. Head of carved and painted walnut; fur wig; metal helmet; 7½″ from chin to helmet.

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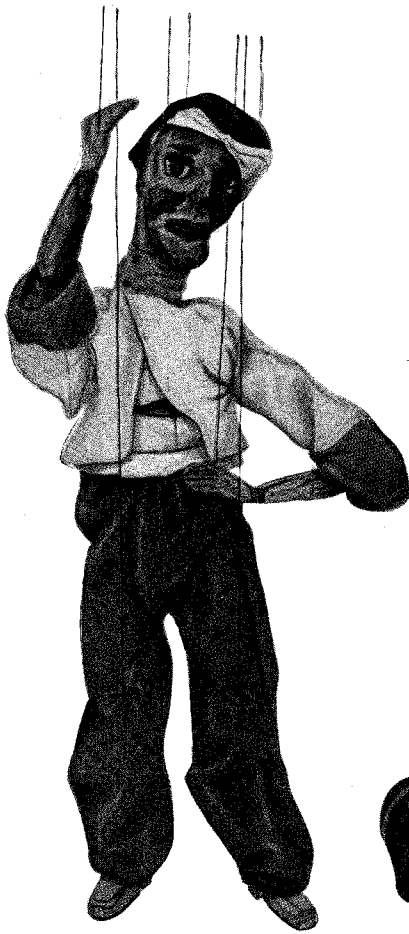

SINDBAD THE SAILOR. Carved wooden head, clothes of recent date; 18″ high from head to foot.

POLICEMAN. Wooden head, feet and hands; cloth body; eyes made of upholstery tacks; 8″ high.

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AHAB. Marionette representing Ahab, father of Sindbad the Sailor. Head hand-carved; 18″ high.

SCARAMOUCH. Carved wooden face, wooden feet; painted rubber gloves and cap, cotton print costume; 21″ high.

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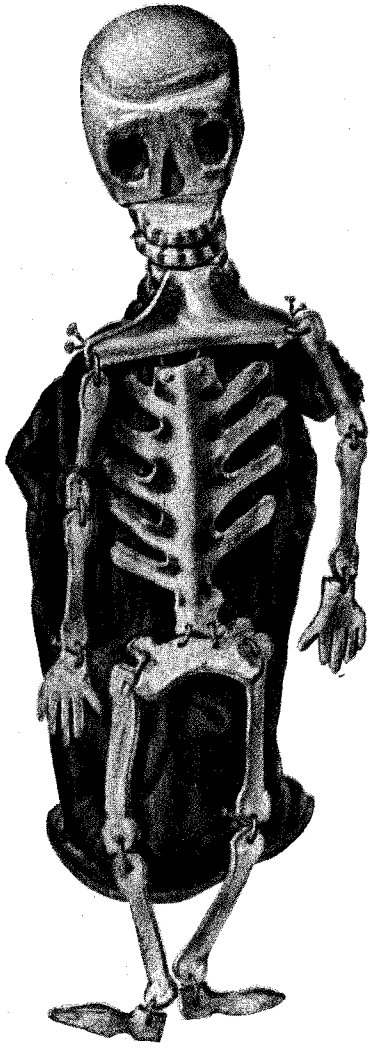

SKELETON. Head of painted wood with gesso surface, cloth body, skeleton made of synthetic fiber. 20″ high.

BARNACLE BILL. Head, hands and feet carved. Trousers made of cotton, other material velvet. 17½″ high.

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CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT PAIN

HOW ONE WOMAN FOUND THAT "THE HORRORS OF HAVING A CHILD" CAN BE AN EXAGGERATION

SEVEN weeks ago I gave birth to a baby boy. He was my first child and a big one—more than nine pounds. I was in labor from six in the morning until nearly twelve at night—eighteen hours roughly. But I don't know much about the agonies of childbirth; I'm a stranger there myself. In fact, my husband learned hours before I did that we had a large and lusty son.

The idea that childbirth is a viciously painful process even now is so thoroughly ingrained in women that all next day I felt delightfully guilty at the thought of the suffering I had escaped. Together, the doctor and I had put something over; we had helped me to evade the curse of Eve. In my light-headed state—just an ether jag—I was hilarious. I kept chuckling to myself at the terrors of the limerick heroine, the young lady named Wild, who was kept from straying by a number of deterrents, among them "The horrors of having a child." If that's all that is holding her back, I decided flatly on my hospital bed, they had better keep the facts of modern medicine from her.

Mine wasn't, technically, an easy case. In the first place, I am not, physiologically, one of those women who seem able to produce children in the twinkling of an eye and with little effort to themselves and their doctors. Secondly, it was my first offense and I am thirty. And lastly, my baby was a male—and boys' heads are larger, as a rule, than girls'—and a whopper. All this added up to a job for my OB. Another physician, who examined me several weeks after delivery, told me I had anesthetics to thank for missing an experience I wouldn't soon forget. He said I had taken a terrific beating, but I wouldn't know about that—because I did have anesthetics.

I wish now that I had known before the big event how little

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pain I would feel. That knowledge would have freed me from months of suppressed terror. Oh, I put up the best of fronts—nonchalant and modern as hell. I bragged about my obstetrician, told all my anxious friends and relations about his reputation for painless deliveries, and pooh-poohed at solicitude. In my seventh month, my husband and I went to Bermuda for a vacation, and I walked miles every day to the horror of the old ladies camped on the veranda of the guest house where we stayed. Coming back we ran into very rough weather off Hatteras, and, while the ship twisted along with a corkscrew roll, I trotted about the decks pridefully, whisking past many a prostrate male. My poor husband, meanwhile, was anguished at the thought of my sliding down a couple of flights of stairs. I put on a good show, and it was only two days before young Kit came that I let the mask slip at all.

That day, on my regular visit to the doctor, he told me the fireworks might start any minute. The imminence of the whole proceedings was too much for me. That evening I had my only attack of hysterics during the entire nine months. My teeth rattled with fright.

That was on Friday night. On Sunday morning I was wakened by a slight cramp, a very mild "regular" pain, as the advertisements so delicately call it. Unimpressed by this development, I rolled over and went back to sleep—to be wakened again in half an hour, quite gently. That puzzled me. I stayed awake this time, waiting to see what would happen next. In another half-hour, the same kind of cramp. So I poked the prone figure occupying the other half of our bed, and he decided finally that we might ask the doctor what was what. We waited for a couple more pains, and then I telephoned the poor man, a little embarrassed at disturbing him at eight o'clock of a Sunday morning.

Those cramps weren't important I was sure. Where was the rigid abdomen, the stabbing agony which were said to mark the beginning of labor? So I apologized to the doctor as I explained my sensations. When he said it might be a good idea for me to get to the hospital in the next couple of hours, you could have knocked me over with a bootee. I was, it seems, already in the throes.

Except for the fact that it was a little early and I was allowed

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only toast and coffee while my husband had our customary grapefruit, eggs, and bacon, that Sunday morning breakfast was like any other, complete with the newspaper scattered over the table. I read all my favorite columnists from Alice Hughes to Leonard Lyons, dressed with care — applying the lipstick with a steady hand—picked up the weekend case I had packed a few days before, and at ten o'clock we were standing on the corner hailing a cab. By this time the pains were coming at ten-minute intervals.

On the ride to the hospital, the driver wasn't urged to whip up the horses. Instead I was wishing the pains would speed up. I knew they would have to come more frequently before matters reached a crisis, and now that the business was started, I wanted it to hurry to a snappy finish. My pet nightmare was one of going to the hospital for a day only to be told my symptoms were just a false alarm and sent home to wait for the real thing. Whatever else happened, I desperately hoped that wouldn't. And my pains were so mild I couldn't help feeling this was just a hoax.

By the time a couple of brisk nurses had me costumed for my big scene — in the usual short, square hospital nightgown—and a smiling woman interne had asked a number of impertinent questions, I was cheered to note the cramps were only seven minutes apart now, though still unbelievably easy.

I reported to my doctor with some astonishment, "The pains haven't begun to hurt yet."

"We're not going to let them begin," he said firmly. "Send her up to the labor room in half an hour," he told one of the nurses.

During that wait, my husband sat beside me and held my hand. I thought of the family story of my mother tearing the sleeve of my father's shirt to shreds in the hours before I was born, while he sweated in sympathy for her agony. Surely I was in for a bad time, and the doctor's confident remark was intended to bolster my morale. Bravely I sent my husband away.

Then I was off for a ride on a stretcher. What a "labor room" would be like I hadn't the faintest notion. It sounded fiendish, but proved to be a quiet, small room, painted jade green—even its venetian blind with the slats turned up to shut out the afternoon sun. The chief item of furniture was an oversized crib complete with sides which the waiting nurse

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raised when I had been slid into place. The woman in labor grips the cool metal rods of the crib sides—that's the idea. I undoubtedly did just that, but I don't remember. I also noticed a clock with which the nurse and I later timed my pains.

I was given a shot of morphine, and in a few minutes, my doctor performed a slight operation to speed my labor along. Shortly thereafter the nurse who sat with me began, on orders, to feed me nembutal—that magic drug with a name like the heroine of a Hindu romance. Other drugs are used as successfully, but that's the one my OB favors.

Its effect, as I experienced it, was curious. I was conscious enough to know when I was having a contraction, even though I didn't feel it as a pain; to obey orders from the nurse; and to ask at intervals, "What time is it?" It was always, I found, just four hours later than it had been when I asked before. To me, however, it seemed that not more than a half-hour could have passed! The drug stepped up my sense of time that sharply.

The only explanation I can give for my obsession with clocks is this: Always I was conscious that somewhere my husband was waiting for news, and I was worried over the prolonged suspense he must be enduring. But the nurse told me later that women in labor are always concerned with the time!

The last time I remember asking, it was eleven at night. Then there is a complete blank. I must have been given ether, but I don't remember. The only evidence I have is the smell in my room and about my person the next morning, a smell so strong that my son's doting father didn't kiss me any oftener than was strictly necessary. While I was under that final anesthetic, I was taken to the delivery room, my son was born — at 11:10 p.m. — and the doctor did quite a bit of needle work, all unbeknownst to me.

I know only that I came out of the mists once to stare directly at a big clock high on the nearest wall, and it was ten after twelve. Then I saw the doctor pull the mask from his face, and I thought with surprise, "It's all over!"

When, next day, the nurse brought my grim, red-faced little boy to my bed, his presence seemed a little incredible. But I'll take him on faith, and leave to more stoic females the facts of life in a delivery room. Consciously, I've never been there.

—Audrey Walz

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WALL OF SNOW

EVEN A LITTLE BOY CAN BE WISE ENOUGH TO SEE THAT SOME BARRIERS REALLY AREN'T THERE

THE painter was sitting by the dusty road that led to the hill town: behind him the heavy pile of the old town falling away to the Mediterranean; before him the narrow valley, purple with flowers, beyond the valley a ridge, terraced and sandy with vineyards; and far off, past the border, bright in the noon sun, snow on the peaks in Italy. It was too dry for April and the land looked tired.

Three boys came up the road, kicking dust with their heavy shoes. They stopped behind the painter and stood very still until he noticed them.

"*Bonjour*," the man said. One of the boys, tall, tow-headed, wearing a short black smock, walked around the easel, smiling.

"Give us a cigarette, please, monsieur?"

"You are very young to smoke."

"I am nine."

"What are your names?" the man asked, addressing all three.

"Jacques," said the tow-headed boy.

"Pierre," said the second boy. He was dirty-nosed, defiant in his cocked beret.

"Tino," said the third. He was smaller than the others, dark-eyed, timidly playing with the suspenders of his short brown pants.

"All right," the painter said. He took a cigarette out of his pocket and gave it to Jacques. Jacques tore it into two parts and gave half of it to Pierre. They lit the tobacco and walked closer to the easel, puffing quietly.

"What are you painting?" asked Pierre.

"I know," said Tino. "He is painting my papa's land. You can see it. There is the orange tree and the cabbages and there is the house."

"It isn't your papa's land," said Jacques. "It belongs to mine."

"My papa works on it," said Tino. "He makes cabbages grow

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on it. Your papa doesn't make them grow."

"I don't care," said Jacques. "He makes your papa pay to work on it."

"He makes us pay too much. He takes all our cabbages to pay. My papa says so."

"I don't care," said Jacques. "He can make you leave if he wants to. He can buy the land on the other side of the wall if he wants to."

"Not ever," said Tino. "We'll build a higher wall and nobody can ever take it."

There was a drone out of the south over the sea and the man stopped painting and looked into the sun. At first he was blinded and then the drone was a roar and they all saw the black silhouette, a tri-motored bomber flying low eastward toward the snow mountains. Jacques threw away his cigarette and took a sheet of paper out of his tablet. He sat down in the road with Pierre and made a paper plane.

"Watch," yelled Jacques. "It's a bomber and I'm going to bomb Tino and all the Italians."

"I'm not Italian," said Tino. "I'm French. I was born right here."

"Your papa and mama are Italian," said Pierre. "What's more, they speak bad French, too."

Jacques sailed his plane far down the road. Suddenly he turned on Tino. "If a war comes," he said, "who are you going to fight for, France or Italy?"

"France," said Tino. He moved as close to the painter as he could.

"Then," shouted Jacques triumphantly, "you'll fight your own papa and mama."

"No," said Tino, rubbing up against the painter. "No, no, no!"

"Don't worry," said the man. "Look. Isn't that your papa in the field? I'll put him in the picture. He is working hard in the field. I make him this color. Your father loves the land and he belongs in it this way."

The man placed a final stroke on the field and drew back, rubbing his hand across his eyes.

"Wait," said Jacques, "that's wrong, monsieur."

"What's wrong?"

"The field. You left out the wall."

"What wall?"

"Can't you see it? By the trees. My father owns all the land on the other side of the wall."

"Not in the picture," said Tino. "In the picture the land doesn't belong to anyone. Does it, monsieur?"

"That's right," the man said.

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"In the picture it belongs to everyone."

Jacques shrugged his shoulders, frowned, and then grinned at the painter. "If you please, monsieur, another cigarette?"

"All right."

When Jacques and Pierre had divided the cigarette they walked up the hill toward the town. Tino walked backward up the road, looking down at the painter.

Down in the valley a church bell struck twelve. The painter looked hard at the mountains, thinking with his eyes. The rise of the noon sun had melted away the shadow on the snow; and in his mind the man erased the snow's soft lines and stared at the mountain's core, beneath the Alpine wall of stone. He was hardly conscious of the boy's return.

"Monsieur," Tino began, fingering his suspenders.

"Yes?"

"Over there—where the snow is—that is Italy."

"Yes. The snow is a wall."

"But—*Les Italiens*—they are not really different?"

"Everywhere, those who love the land are the same."

The boy laughed, a triumph in his eyes, and ran up the hill, whistling. —MICHAEL WILSON

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HOME-OWNING MADE EASY

NEVER BEFORE HAS A HOME OF YOUR OWN BEEN SO SIMPLE OF ATTAINMENT AS IT IS TODAY

THE government of the United States wants every family in the nation to have a home of its own, the right sort of home, the home the family needs and wants and can afford, with all the comfort-making gadgets and appliances, everything that a home should have to make the family happy, excepting only what the family must contribute in the way of good old copy-book kindness and politeness and thrift.

That point of view is written into law in the National Housing Act, establishing the Federal Housing Administration, now in its fifth year. If you are interested in what you are reading and are about to read, your desire to own your own home may soon be written into certain agreements and commitments that, with the aid of contractors and builders, will bring it all to pass. You will have your own home, and the United States government will be able to move you over in the statistical tables from the non-home-owning to the home-owning column.

You want to build or buy a house, your kind of house, with everything the way you want it, and all financed so you can pay for it? And you want to know, right now, how to do it? Listen, then:

First, decide how much you can afford to invest. This may take more than one family conference, or if the family is yet to be, much serious consultation with the person with whom you expect to share the home on a family basis. You already know that house rent, unless it is to become an economic burden, must not exceed twenty or at most twenty-five per cent of income. The same rule applies to the financing of a home: The monthly loan payment—for if you intend to pay cash for everything this story does not concern you—should not be more than one-fourth or one-fifth of your monthly

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pay check. Looking at it another way, you should not invest in a home more than twice to two-and-a-half times your annual income.

Having decided how much you can safely invest, you begin to take on expert technical advice. You see your local architect or builder, or a real estate man who knows his business. You know already the type of house best suited to your family needs, where it is to be, how many rooms, and so on. Any or all of these men will be able to help you shape your ideas until a plan emerges. You do not need architect's drawings nor blueprints, but when you have a rough plan, and a cost estimate, you are ready to apply for an FHA-insured mortgage at your home bank or any approved lending agency.

Here is where you become almost as frank and candid as you were in those preliminary conferences with members of the family or family-to-be. You take the lender into your confidence and tell him what both your income and current expenses are. He must have this information for your own good, because the payments on your loan must be arranged so that they are not too high, either singly or in whole amount, and times of payment must be placed so that it is convenient for you to meet them.

There will be details, of course —repayment period, charges, and other items of the transaction— for you to discuss and arrange with the banker or other lender. But you may be surprised at how easily you get along at this stage of your quest. You will get neither the glassy eye nor the marble heart that experience may have taught you to expect from money lenders. The National Housing Act is responsible for this altered attitude. Under its provisions the lender can lose neither the loan nor his confidence in you. Nor can he be saddled with another piece of residence property that he does not want. The government insures the loan, and is backing you to repay it.

The banker—let's call him that for the rest of the story—will tell you that the FHA lending limit is up to eighty or ninety per cent of the property-value, ground and building included, and that you can have up to twenty or twenty-five years for repayment. Also, that the highest interest charge will be five per cent, with one-fourth to one-half per cent added as a mortgage insurance premium. The down payment on the loan does not have to be in cash. If you

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have an unincumbered building lot, it may be accepted as all or part of the first payment. You will be required to provide money for the first year's taxes, assessments and fire insurance at the time the loan is made. This is earlier than usual under private lending methods, but you will agree that it will be a pleasant feeling, when you move into your new house, to know that for a year at least you will not have to worry over insurance premiums or paving assessments. All bills in connection with the place will be paid.

As soon as the FHA commitment is in your hands—and this will not take long, for FHA insuring offices are established in key cities all over the nation—you can move into action, start building your house, for we assume that you are building, not buying. You are now well on your way to home ownership. You will soon be "paying like rent" for the house you want. Soon you will be able to sit by your own fireside under your own rooftree. There's a lot of comfort in that selfish word "own," and security, too.

The average American family, the family of moderate income, using FHA facilities, can afford to occupy a modern, attractive dwelling, built properly of sound materials, to stand for generations—and pay for the place while living in it.

A year ago (in February, 1938) amendments to the National Housing Act liberalized its terms so that under FHA protection insured loans for home-building may be obtained exactly as above outlined from banks, savings, building and loan associations and other lending institutions. These loans point the way directly to home ownership, secure and debt-free.

You may have shuddered a trifle at the occurrence of the ominous phrase, "down payment," but let not your heart be troubled, for the fangs have been drawn from this aforetime ogre, it has been tamed and made your friend and mine. The down payment under the FHA plan may be as small as ten per cent of the appraised value of house and lot.

The act provides that insured mortgages may be obtained for homes costing, with land, up to $16,000. No matter what the appraised value of the property, no FHA-insured loan may be more than that sum. The loans are made in three classes: Those running up to $5,400; from that figure up to $8,600; and from that up to the limit of $16,000. The total monthly

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payment, including taxes, on a twenty-five-year loan will average about $8.64 for each $1,000 borrowed. This monthly payment, if the tax rates are low or moderate in the community you select for your home, may be even less.

Taking the small home first—the one whose loan limit is $5,400—the figures run like this on a typical example:

Appraised value of property	$5,000.00
Down payment	500.00
FHA-insured mortgage	4,500.00
Monthly payment (about)	38.88

This estimate does not include initial cost of appraisal and title search, or other preliminary incidentals.

An instance of a medium-cost dwelling, with the down payment ranging from ten to twenty per cent of the total cost, shows these figures, which include principal, interest, mortgage insurance, estimated local taxes, and hazard insurance, but do not include cost of appraisal and title search:

Appraised value of property	$7,500.00
Ten per cent of first $6,000	$600.00
Twenty per cent of balance	300.00
Total down payment	$900.00
FHA-insured mortgage	6,600.00
Monthly payment (about)	62.70

For a larger home, costing from $8,600 to $16,000, the FHA requires a down payment of at least 20 per cent of the appraised value of both house and lot. On a new home—and that is what we are considering, though if you like you may buy one under the FHA plan that is already built—the down payment, as has been pointed out, need not be in cash. It is worth repeating for emphasis that the lot may be acceptable for all or part of the down payment, depending on its appraised value. Here is how the costs work out on one of the top-class FHA-insured houses, with payments on a twenty-year loan averaging about $9.50 a month, including taxes, for each $1,000 borrowed:

Appraised value of property	$12,000.00
Down payment	2,400.00
FHA-insured mortgage	9,600.00
Monthly payment (about)	91.20

The Federal Housing Administration, having aided you to build or buy a home, does not forget you and your venture. The borrower who finances his home under an FHA-insured mortgage is assured of definite advantages and safeguards. At the outset, you are not permitted to borrow on property that is not worth the outlay demanded. The FHA takes every expert precaution to determine that the property is good security for the loan, and then carries on to

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make sure that the borrower has every protection, every chance to repay and obtain title. Definite standards and requirements must be satisfied before insurance is issued. FHA appraisers visit the site of the proposed home, or if it is already built visit the house itself. Every factor affecting its value is carefully scanned and checked. During the construction periods checks are made and the project is subject to FHA inspection from every angle.

All this may sound like paternalism on the part of Uncle Sam, but the rugged individualist who wants to build himself any kind of a home in any old district, and take his chances on losing it or seeing it lose its value, still has his free and untrammeled right to do just that, subject only to local building ordinances.

Here are some of the things of which you may be reasonably assured if you decide to build your home under FHA-insured auspices:

The house will be built to last for many years under hard weather and hard use, such as may be expected from a healthy, lively family. Foundation, floor, roof, walls will be honestly and carefully built of sound materials, to meet the test of time and occupancy. The FHA provides contract documents for the home builder's or buyer's protection, and sees by rigid inspection that the contract provisions are complied with.

Your FHA-financed home will be of good design because FHA will offer—and you will surely accept—the best advice that modern building science affords. Your home, whether it costs $3,000 or $16,000, will be attractive in form, with rooms conveniently arranged for all family needs and comforts, privacy included. The house will be properly placed on the lot, and will be so planned that it can be altered to meet the demands of a growing family.

The neighborhood in which your house is built will have been carefully chosen, so that your investment will not be subject to depreciation. FHA investigation and inspection will determine that there are zoning laws or deed restrictions to protect your property against the encroachment of factories, stores, filling stations or undesirable neighbors. This watchfulness is based on an FHA axiom that no amount of wishful thinking will make a desirable neighborhood of a section that is doomed to slump with the years.

Transportation and access to schools are important factors considered in picking a site for an

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FHA home. The home should be situated in a section of the city convenient to shopping centers, and near buses and street car lines or within walking distance of sections where members of the family are employed. Schools, parks and playgrounds also should be easily reached or not too distant.

Other facilities likewise are the concern of the Federal Housing Administration. Does the district have adequate sewerage? Are gas, water, electricity and telephone service available, and are the charges right? Are the streets properly laid out, graded or paved? Are fire and police protection assured? If streets, for instance, have yet to be paved, what will the assessments be? All these questions must be satisfactorily answered before FHA funds become available.

In order to "encourage improvement in housing standards and conditions," FHA reverses standards and practices that have resulted in many quick profits and much bad building. FHA takes the position that a home is to be appraised not as a piece of merchandise to be sold quickly, but as "a sound investment of reasonably lasting value."

FHA-insured homes may be built in one- to four-family units, but the borrower must occupy the premises as a home. Financing charges are the lowest ever available for home building in this country. Interest charges are based on diminishing balances, not on the original face value of the loan. FHA offers a deliberately planned "borrower's market," everything in your favor, everything for your safety.

A word for those who may not want to build their own homes: The FHA advances the proposition that the average renter, provided he does not wish to build, would be better off by taking title under an "installment mortgage" to the property he occupies, pay the taxes and interest directly (as he is already doing indirectly) and use the balance, which he now is paying to the owner, toward buying the house. The FHA also lends money for repairs and rehabilitation—that new bathroom, that screen porch, that extra bedroom or new plumbing—on terms similar to those granted for building or buying.

Not since man stopped living in caves or tree-nests has the problem of financing a home been made so easy, the dream of "a home of your own" so possible of attainment. —ANNABEL LEE

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GOING BLIND

AS TOTAL DARKNESS CREEPS EVER NEARER, IS IT WISE TO PRAY FOR MORE LIGHT?

GOING blind is like entering a beautiful new world. A world so like and yet so unlike the world in which a person with good sight lives that learning the difference is as keenly interesting as unraveling a thrilling mystery.

The knowledge that I was going blind came to me with the suddenness of a thunder clap on a bright summer day. My glasses having become slightly misty, I called on my oculist to get a new prescription.

His examination may have taken a little longer than on my previous visits. Finally he finished and stepped away from me. Expecting a pleasant word or two before he turned to his desk to write my prescription I smiled up at him.

"You are going blind," he told me. His manner was so abrupt that today I realize that he anticipated my making a scene.

His announcement did straighten me up with a jerk. Then after an instant of thought I exclaimed, "All those years! Until I'm ninety-three!"

Dr. Blank's stare of surprise was as distinct as if he had asked, "What do you mean? Why ninety-three?"

Numerous fortune-tellers, professional and amateur, I explained, had prophesied that I would live to be ninety-three. Though I had always scoffed at fortune-telling of every description, now the thought of the long stretch of blackly miserable years between me and the age of ninety-three struck me in the face. Perhaps a psychologist can explain my reaction. I cannot.

During the next three months, trying to follow my oculist's advice to enjoy the sight left me, I conscientiously kept on the go. I visited persons who were dear to me or of especial interest, got up every morning for the sake of seeing the sun rise, watched the sunsets. I took to walking around my

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back and front yards, had the fruit trees trimmed as I wished them to remain, re-shaped the flower beds that the walks might be bricked. Though I have always preferred gravel walks, now that I was going blind I planned to have bricks for the sake of keeping my feet dry. When I am blind. That was in my mind with every step I took, every plan I made. When I am blind.

Through it all I wore a smile, was determinedly cheerful. Never, never I promised would I allow myself to become a killjoy. Yet, in spite of that determination, always stalking at my elbow was the spectre of the long years of black misery that stretched between me and ninety-three.

Back in the beginning of my career as a writer I had taught myself to use a typewriter. Sort of peek and peck system. Now that I was going blind I decided I must learn the touch system. Early mornings I tramped across town to a business school lugging my portable machine. It was on those walks that the pad of the spectre of darkness was most distinct. Several times I caught myself starting to turn my head to look.

Just before the ending of my series of lessons time came for me to keep my second appointment with my oculist. My astonishment on meeting him was startling. Instead of the man of sixty-odd I found myself shaking hands with a man who looked to be less than forty. I exclaimed impulsively and expressed my astonishment—but at the instant realized that the change was not in the doctor's appearance, but in my sight. The increasing dimness in my sight had rubbed out all lines of age and experience.

This realization suddenly revealed to me that blindness need not be a state of black misery. If I would forget what I was losing and think of my gains, there would be no black spectre stalking at my elbow. My resolution reminded me of an experience a few years ago, when I became seriously ill from overwork and discovered the efficacy of the multiplication tables as a painkiller.

On being told by my physician that I must either endure much pain or run the risk of forming the dope habit, I took the pain. After finding that counting sheep did not make me forget the stabs of agony caused by my slightest movement, I tried saying the alphabets of three languages, backward and forward. No go. Then I hit on the multiplication tables. Never having been quick at figures, my entire attention was re-

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quired. After puzzling out the eleven tables as given in arithmetics, I determined to make a set of tables of my own. After carrying all the eleven tables up to two hundred I would start on thirteen and continue through two hundred. Using my mind as a blackboard I impressed on it the figures with which I was struggling. Digit by digit I would multiply and then adding get the sum. Holding those figures on my mental blackboard required such concentration that I resented interruption. Not only because I would again become conscious of pain, but because it delayed me in my work of making new tables.

One morning, when I was struggling desperately to hold figures while multiplying 139 by 173, in walked the maid to dust. I was so indignant that I straightened up in bed and started in to give her a piece of my mind. Before I finished my first sentence I stopped wide-eyed with surprise. I felt no pain. Not only had I moved my body, I had slung myself around like a well woman.

The youthful appearance of my physician having aroused my curiosity, I began to investigate other phases of my condition. It is a real joy to be able truthfully to exclaim on meeting a friend, "How young you are looking! Your dress is such a soft lovely shade."

Today even the skin of a very old lady, who used to remind me of Rembrandt's portrait of an old woman, appears unlined. She now reminds me of a gay flower from which most of the color has been drained and only the sweetness remains. So many flowers have grown increasingly beautiful. The single hibiscus has taken on a soft mistiness as though freshly washed in dew. Very like the frosted hollyhocks of my childhood.

As the sharp brilliance of flowers take on a misty, silvery sheen their perfume grows increasing perceptible. Up to a few days ago I had believed that the night-blooming jasmine was odorless during the day. While in my back yard in the forenoon, I got a breath of a tantalizingly faint perfume. Tracking it down I found it came from a jasmine in full bloom.

Rising early for the sake of remembering the sunrise is becoming more and more enjoyable. The increasing mistiness of my sight renders more interesting the gradual brightening of the dawn, the slipping away of the shadows and the increasing development of the foliage of the trees. The reverse is true of the sunsets . . . to watch the colors fade away, the indi-

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vidual leaves of the near-by trees become masses of foliage . . . the tree itself becomes a dark bulk, with lines and figures of less blackness where I know the street light must filter through the foliage.

Though I have always had good hearing, I realize that sounds are growing more and more distinct. Is not nature trying to balance her blessings? As one sense is taken away other senses grow increasingly useful.

Calculating distance had been from the first tantalizing or amusing, depending on my humor, and always dangerous. Trying to pick up a ray of sunlight—believing it to be a scrap on the floor. Stepping over or walking around a shadow. My only answer to that problem is, so far, caution.

My sense of touch has not changed as much as either that of smell or hearing. Though it seems to me I am more keenly aware of dust on books and furniture, I am not able to tell just how long it has been accumulating. Yesterday, the day before or maybe a week. It's fun guessing. There has been no change in my sense of taste. Still, as I step along toward total blindness, there may be.

This developing of the unexpected is one of the reasons why going blind is so surprisingly interesting. It may be the reason why the blind are often so cheerful. I was once commissioned by an editor to write an article about a certain home for blind children. My first visit was on a raw drizzly day late in November. The cheerful sounds—joyous shouts and peels of childish laughter—made me fear I had mistaken the number of the house.

My ringing of the front-door bell resulted instantly in complete silence. On being admitted, I stepped into what I still think of as one of the most surprising and beautiful scenes I have ever witnessed. More than a score of blind children playing. Actually enjoying themselves.

They greeted me with exclamations of glee. Each group invited me cordially to join in the game they were playing. Two, a boy and a girl verging on their teens, begged me to play a game of checkers. I had a charming visit. Years later a family of four rented the home adjoining mine—father and mother with their blind son and daughter. The son could see just enough to walk on familiar streets with the aid of a cane, the daughter, a girl of eighteen, a trifle better. During the year they lived near me I never heard so much as a cross or unpleasant word. They

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were always cheerful and delightfully cordial to visitors.

I used to wonder about their cheerfulness. Now I know the reason. Though they could tell the difference between a sun-lit and a cloudy day, they could not distinguish between a smile and a scowl. A threatening expression of the face was lost on them. Being unable to see a difference between the threadbare rags of a beggar and the fashionable attire of a rich caller, they could not realize envy. Without envy there can be no personal resentment.

In their world they could see only what was beautiful. Their blindness wiped out all lines of care, age and sorrow. They really saw the world through rose-colored glasses. That is what going blind means. Seeing the world around you through rose-colored glasses with a misty silvery sheen.

Cheerfulness is not an attribute of an idle mind. So many blind persons tell you eagerly about their work. They wish you to share with them the joys of occupation. As the children in that blind babies' home urged me to join in their games.

At first, before my second visit to my oculist, I used to pray to be left a little light. With almost every breath I drew I prayed, "Leave me a little light. Just a little light."

Now I question the wisdom of that petition. Suppose Milton had been left a little light. Could he have given the world his great visions? I wonder. Could Fannie Crosby have written her numberless hymns?

The editor who had sent me to the home for blind babies sent me to see Fannie Crosby. The great "hymn writer" he called her. Knowing her outstanding success, I was shocked to find her in a small room of a rear apartment in Brooklyn. Just a small elderly woman, an upright piano and two chairs. So sincere was her joy at my coming, so enthusiastically did she lay bare for me her delightful absorption in her compositions, that I forgot our surroundings. The great evangelists, choral leaders and pulpit orators about whom she talked seemed to be present. Spring entered that small and dingy room with the breath of many flowers.

When bidding her good-bye I told her that she had made roses bloom in mid-December.

"Ah," she replied. "When one has only the kingdom of the mind it is better to cultivate roses than thistles."

—Lafayette McLaws

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DAYS OF THE WEEK EXPLAINED

EACH MORNING SEES SOME WORTH WHILE TASK BEGUN, EACH EVENING SEES IT STILL UNDONE

SUNDAY is the day of rest during which you play too much golf, perform miscellaneous jobs at your wife's behest, make high resolutions about the ensuing week, and regret, when you go to bed, that you read only the funny page and the sports page.

Monday is known as Blue Monday, and is the day of rest, during which you rest up from the previous week end, and outline the things you intend to do the rest of the week.

Tuesday, after Monday's rest, sees you at the absolute maximum peak of efficiency for the week. Accordingly, on Tuesday all who can get away with it leave the office early in the afternoon and devote the rest of the day to golf, turning in some fairly respectable scores.

Wednesday is mid-week, the day we tell ourselves that the week is not necessarily a total failure yet, and that there is still time to get something useful accomplished if we hurry. However, since it *is* mid-week this day usually serves as somewhat of a breather. Too much shouldn't be attempted.

Thursday is definitely a day in the latter half of the week, and hence one in which we should begin to taper off from the strenuous ardors of the three previous days. Hard work on this day is out of the question, and the wise person guards against overexertion.

Friday is practically the beginning of the week end, and is hence devoted largely to planning a sensible schedule for the next two days. Little actual business should be attempted.

Saturday is the day of recreation. On this day we decide to stay at the office and catch up with things and, on returning home, to endeavor to do ditto. This usually proves impossible by 3 p.m., and the rest of the day is spent in resolving that *next* week we're going to work like a Trojan.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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HIRED GIRL

Oh, ardent now, she looks beyond
the water-barrel window, knowing
the cows will soon come stumbling down—
and roadside autumn asters blowing

and falling maple fire beneath
the hired boy's sturdy boots be parted.
She hangs the shining dipper up
and turns away, half lonely-hearted.

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Oh, shyly now, her deft hands touch
the red checked cloth, the glass spoon-holder,
and from the pantry to the stove
her supper-hurried feet grow bolder—

until the voices through the shed
split the warm kitchen wide with laughter.
She takes his pail and has no doubt
the sky has fallen through the rafter.

When the last dish is wiped and dried
and butter's under crocker-cover,
she leaves them all and trembling goes
to comb her dark hair for her lover.

Oh, bravely now, her feet are set
beside his through the autumn even:
up-road into the chill blue dusk,
gravely they trudge along toward heaven.

—Frances Frost

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SQUARING THE FAMILY CIRCLE

DO OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN INTEREST YOU? THE OBVIOUS ANSWER IS THAT THEY'D BETTER

You run into an old fraternity brother on the way to work and he extends an invitation to have dinner with him tomorrow evening. You come to his apartment and discover that, in addition to a wife, he has acquired two small children, ages approximately three and six. You have been looking forward to an evening of reminiscences on the days you spent together at old Nassau, but the presence of the little strangers definitely cuts your speed—

Or, the boss is home with a nasty cold and you are summoned to bring notebook and pencils for an afternoon's dictation. On your arrival you meet the assortment of little devils, which is, you suddenly realize, the boss's pride and joy. And you a bachelor-girl whose only acquaintance with youngsters is through the Shirley Temple movies and the "Dead End" kids. The none-too-delicate pattering of tiny feet, eight or ten of them, begins to put extra curls in your Gregg and has you gnashing your best molars—

Or, you are visiting your very best client, and their scion, aged four, has been permitted to stay up past his normal bedtime in order to see the "company." Young hopeful eyes you and you eye him and deep down inside you get that feeling that your inability to make friends with Junior isn't helping you at all with Poppa—

Yes, children may be brats and get in your hair and in a small furnished flat may be far less satisfactory than a cocker spaniel, but brother, or sister, if you value your better-than-nodding acquaintanceship with their parents you'd better change your attitude. It will pay social dividends anyway, assuming, for the moment, that those are the only premiums in which you are interested.

Moreover, it has been proven by actual tests in the field that if you know aught of your spinach, your snuggle-bunnies and your

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tinkertoys, the presence of children can become a helpful link rather than a barrier in your social and business relationships. If, after your visit, Junior, or Mary, asks, "When is Herman coming again?" you've sold not only the children but also, more important, practically speaking, the parents.

Remember *always* that when you enter a home where there are children the parents *expect* you to take notice of their offspring. It goes without saying that your approval will be appreciated. Looking pained and polite while Johnnie tries to make up to you won't earn you warm friends in any family.

Never in any way suggest that you think your hosts, whether close friends or casual relations, are not the best parents in the world. Generally speaking, you can laugh at the lumps in a woman's gravy, at the specific gravity of her biscuits, at the decadence of her hats, even at the thickness of her ankles or at her choice of a husband, but if you dare insinuate that she is not the best of mothers. . . . That's true of fathers, too: you can snicker at his ties, at his golf score, at his politics, at the way he runs his business, and at his taste in women, but if you so much as reflect that he is not a good father you have committed the unpardonable offense.

For parents, be it known, are people who have taken out posterity insurance. Their children are their link with the future. Don't challenge their wisdom in that respect. More diplomatic would be an observation pointing to the resemblance, however slight, which the child bears to its parents. Unless you know the mother and father very well indeed, it is tactful to find that Jane looks a little like each of her parents. For resemblances are deceptive and your positive assertion that Jane is the spitting image of her mother may run counter to what the family has long accepted for gospel.

When parents talk of their children, whether at home or at the office, at the club or on the bus, by all means listen to them. The Bright Sayings of Children, you will find, are often no worse than the warmed-over jokes of radio comedians. Occasionally you may even run across a bright saying worth repeating as one you uttered when you were a child.

Remember that to people who are parents, their friends and relations are naturally divided into two classes—those who are parents themselves, and those who are not. Those who are parents themselves

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present a problem of competition: "How is *your* family doing?" Those who are not, a problem of understanding: "I wonder when they're going to settle down and behave like other folks?"

Should it happen that the parents fail to speak of their offspring (there are retiring and even bashful parents), do you speak up boldly and inquire after them. As a topic with which to open conversation it beats the weather four out of five times, unless you're living down on the farm where the weather really counts. Furthermore, when you open the conversation in that direction you have made the first move; the other is bound to follow through pleasantly. And you'd be surprised what a human fellow the boss can be when you ask him about his "kids."

Moreover, if you remember religiously to notice your friends' children, to keep to yourself any reflections on the parents' abilities and, above all, to *listen* to them and to ask about the children, you will have no trouble in winning the parents.

However, that is only forty per cent of the struggle. To influence the children, to incline them favorably toward you, is by far the most difficult part of the task.

If you are meeting the child or children for the first time, don't begin with a lavishing of attention. Children mistrust extravagant attitudes and almost all resent the laying on of hands, however well meant, coming from a stranger. *Note:* most little girls don't like to be handled any more than little boys do!

Be pleasant and keep your voice low. The lugubrious mien and the strident voice irritate youngsters as much as they do grownups.

After your initial visit it is permissible, and is generally considered thoughtful, to bring some trifling remembrance for the youngsters. Don't be a constant bearer of expensive gifts, for that will surely embarrass the parents. However, some very small toy—the dime store is a treasure-house in this regard—or even a bundle of lollipops, is welcome.

If you do bring candy always ask the parents' approval: "Is it all right for Karen to have this?" Of course, pure fruit-sugar candies are to be preferred to rich gooey confections which may play havoc with the child's digestion, to say nothing of her best party-dress. However, if you should be visiting a convalescent child it is safer not to bring things to eat or toys that will cause excitement and activity;

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a quiet game or book is the best gift in such a case.

Never address a child as though he or she were a pet. Most children, even very little ones, resent condescension and, even more than many of their elders, will make an effort to talk as grown up as they are mentally able. It goes without saying that teasing or tormenting youngsters in any way is bad taste and generally poor behavior.

When your host is out mixing the cocktails and your hostess is giving last-minute instructions to the maid, and you are left alone with the children, don't give yourself up. For here is your opportunity to demonstrate that you are an intelligent adult with human interests.

If you have a pet at home, be it fish, flesh or fowl, remember to talk about it. Youngsters are intrigued by stories about cats or dogs or birds, or even goldfish, and they can, when you describe the creatures, imagine them vividly in their own minds.

It's always a good idea to ask a child to show his room or his books or his toys. Besides, you may derive a lot of genuine amusement from looking at Mickey's railroad or playing with Susie's dolls. Moreover, children today are air-minded and whatever you can add to their store of information about airplanes will be eagerly received.

Any simple parlor-tricks you may know have great entertainment-value to a child. Shadow-pictures on the wall, sailor's knots, or crude sketches will delight the young heart, and a paper-hat or -glider will make a warm friend out of Barbara, particularly if you will show her how she can make the next one herself.

Nonsense verse has delighted more than one child: like their elders youngsters are likely to seize upon every rhyming couplet as poetry worth remembering. The same goes for novelty songs or—remarkable you!—the kindergarten tunes you still remember.

It often surprises adults, but youngsters do have a sense of humor and can even appreciate a pun, providing it is not too involved. But watch your step in telling jokes, as many parents are easily offended over the stories told in their children's presence.

If you should strike a snag and little David looks as though he is going to burst into tears, you may avert the tragedy by displaying the contents of your purse or your pocket; or even, to distract him, by manifesting curiosity about his

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age and weight. Of course, if the child is beyond all hope a brat, or what is known as a "problem child," and obviously needs a good old-fashioned paddling, you are wise if you cease your overtures, look bright and address his parents with a remark such as "He certainly is high-spirited, isn't he?"

However, in the majority of cases the friendly attitude, the low voice and the sincere display of interest will bring the children to your side at once. Furthermore, after you have gone they will bring up your name again and again, and thus boost your stock in a more telling fashion than you could ever do yourself.

Indeed, you will probably be surprised at the reputation you will quickly achieve among your friends who are parents. And your success will be crowned with that peculiar tribute: "He has such a wonderful way with children he really should have some of his own!" —LOUIS ZARA

A MATHEMATICAL FABLE

"I SHALL now demonstrate my own short method for dividing even numbers by two," said Percival as he stood by the blackboard, pointing at stupid Bobby with a piece of chalk. Miss James inserted herself with a graceful corkscrew motion, into one of the too-small seats behind a desk and tried to relax while her bright student took the arithmetic class.

"You simply put a 'two' down in front of the number and rub out the last figure."

Miss James sat bolt upright and opened her mouth as if to say something, but before the words came—

"For example, divide 4 by 2," suggested Percival, as he wrote a 4 on the blackboard. "I put a 2 in front of it, rub out the 4, and we have the answer." In a wave of clapping and shouts of "Aw, easy!" Percival wrote down 50. Miss James now wore an air of bewilderment and resignation.

"Now look at this number. Put a 2 in front and rub out the naught. Fifty divided by 2 is 25." He wrote and erased as he talked. "If that looks too easy, here's 48. Put a 2 in front and rub out the 8. There you are—half of 48 is 24."

A pained expression suffused the teacher's face and she passed a hand over her brow.

"With one more example I conclude this demonstration," said Percival, and wrote down 498. "Divide by the short method and you get 249 immediately. Do it by the old way to check it"—here he wrote down the original number and divided it by long division—"and you again get 249." Screams from the children. Miss James had fainted. —D. R. HALE

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HOW TO TALK TO POLITICIANS

SOME DAY YOU'LL HAVE NEED OF A POLITICAL FAVOR: HEREWITH A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

So YOU'RE going to see a politician! Of course, you want something out of him; else, probably, you wouldn't be seeing him at all. Perhaps he's the Mayor, to whom you must transmit the attitude of your Betterment Club toward the dangerous crossing at Sexton's Corner; perhaps he is your Congressman and you've come to endorse young Jones for a job; perhaps—a tone of awe here—he is the Great White Father himself!

Of course unless you're a hermit you've met politicians before—a swift shake of the hand after a meeting, a brief call at the front door in campaign time. But this is different. As you sit waiting in his outer office, very likely surrounded by a curiously mixed collection of humanity, that awe of kingship which still lives in the recesses of the republican soul creeps forth to take possession. This man represents the Constitution, the old Flag, all the patriotic symbols. Then you're likely to pull yourself together with a jerk and remember that he's only a politician and that by tradition the whole lot of them are smooth double-crossers. So, awe mingling with contempt, you sit rehearsing your selling-talk. How shall you start off, for example?

Don't worry about your start. The "contact," so vital in selling talks, will be not an effort but a genuine pleasure. For you're going to like him. You may be entering his office to make a kick, your heart filled with resentment against the man, his party and government in general. If you want to maintain that attitude, steel your soul—and even then, you can't be certain that he won't melt it. The front men of politics, and especially those who run for elective office, must have—damn that feminine word, but it's the only one to describe it—charm. Like an actor, the wise, far-seeing front-door politician has supple-

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mented his natural personality with art. He has studied himself and decided what act to develop.

Four of the roles are standard: 1. The oratorical statesman, giving the impression that he is headed straight for the Senate. 2. The expansive good-fellow, much resembling a super-salesmen. 3. The strong, generally silent man. 4. The benevolent uncle. Roles 1 and 3 are more difficult than the other two. The wearer must subtly convey that under his somewhat formidable though admirable exterior there gleams a heart of gold. With all four types, however, a sense of humor, real or apparent, helps a great deal—provided it isn't overdone. Too much display of wit and humor conveys the impression of a frivolous nature not to be trusted with grave affairs of state.

But put this down in your notebook; in spite of what opposition newspapers may say, no man ever reached high elective office unless he had an attractive personality. Perhaps, like the genial William Howard Taft or the two estimable Presidents Adams, he lacks the power of getting it over the footlights to that promiscuous audience, the American people. That is a special faculty. It is possessed in eminent degree by all who bear the name of Roosevelt. Often, however, the successful politician can project his charm or magnetism or whatever you want to call it, only as far as the confines of a room. That is why so many of them who pass as "cold fish" in the newspapers hold place largely by virtue of a fascinated inner circle of men and women who would die for them.

Not only this, but in all human probability this politician will like you—not apparently but really. Why does any man enter politics as a career, anyway? The hours are long; in campaign time they are simply brutal. If the politician be pocket-honest—and most of them are—the financial rewards are rather scanty in proportion to the talents and energy expended. And the tenure of his job is the most uncertain known to man. Well, why does a man become a garage mechanic? Answer: because he likes machinery and has a passion for tinkering with it in order that it may work to a definite purpose. So with the politician. He was born with a liking for people; in those subtle pieces of manipulation which bend them collectively to his will he takes the same delight that a musician takes in the unity of a Beethoven symphony. Beyond that, I suppose,

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vanity is one of the unexpressed motives. There, the politician parts company with the garage mechanic.

And so the door opens and the smiling secretary ushers you in. If your proposition be important and yourself unknown, the Boss has grunted: "Look up this James J. McGish!" And she—more and more the secretary is becoming a she and good-looking—has done a bit of telephoning. If she finds anything useful for salving your vanity, she passes it on to him. Mussolini—one of the most expert politicians in the world—has his own trick, they say, in the use of such information. As you advance to his desk across the wide spaces which those European dictators affect, he glances at the note pad on his desk and begins to bawl questions, indicating that he knows all about you, while you are still twenty yards away. Most of our native politicians are less direct than this simple Italian. They slip it in casually during two minutes of preliminary flourish which they allow themselves before getting down to business—"How are you coming on with your grading contract for Smith and Co.?"—"That improvement club of yours out in the Western Addition is certainly going places, isn't it? Well, well!"

Whether or no he has a line on you, the politician who knows his business creates at the outset the impression that you interest him, especially and particularly. Not everyone can command the most effective trick for this purpose—it takes histrionic ability. It consists in a lingering, appraising glance accompanied by a smile that grows progressively in volume and warmth. If properly managed, this gives the impression of searching your soul and finding it pure and congenial. "Well, well!" it seems to remark. "Why haven't I met this fellow before? He interests me!" I regret to say it, but the supreme artist with these preliminary flourishes is not an American but a Briton—David Lloyd George. Even Franklin D. Roosevelt must yield to him. The first time ever I met Lloyd George he was Minister of War. I had called with a kick and a soul full of wrath. I left convinced that I was the one man in the world for whom Lloyd George had been waiting all these years. I walked the streets of London for an hour before I came out of the rosy haze. And about that time I began to wonder whether I'd mentioned the topic I came to talk about!

Now, the two-minutes-for-contact are over. "And what can I do

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for you, Mr. McGish?" brings you to the business in hand. All softened up, you begin. Right here, avoid another pitfall. Sometimes, it is best to open by setting forth, either bluntly or delicately, your services to the party or the faction or the man himself. That will have weight with him; but not exactly in the way you think. Of the twenty people who have preceded you into his office that morning, at least fifteen have reminded him of such services; and if he rewarded them all, he would be temporarily in favor but permanently out of favors. He understands, however, the rage of a balked constituent and for the rest of the interview he will be sizing you up to determine whether you are of the revengeful kind likely to explode and go over to the opposition. But don't, above all things, start off by endorsing him, his party or his policies a hundred per cent. Seventy-five per cent is quite enough and eighty should be your maximum. For the raw material of his curious trade is votes; and no one ever angles for a fish already in the bag. Give him the idea from the very start that you are not quite landed and that a little awkward work might shake you off the hook.

Now for the body and substance of your selling talk. It is necessary, of course, to state the merits of your case—the danger in the Sexton's Corner crossing or the undoubted merits of your aspirant for the appointment. Make this brief, succinct and as forcible as is possible in that atmosphere of soft good will which he has spread about you. That part of your talk is perfunctory anyway. Almost certainly, you can tell him nothing he does not already know about the merits or demerits of the proposition. What he wants to know from you is how many votes it will get him. If you are green enough to omit reference to this important consideration, he will insert the idea by an indirect and subtle suggestion—"Well, there's been a good deal of opposition"—"I was talking with a bird from your district yesterday. He was considerably het up." There's your opening—and his. But don't be vague. Be specific. And don't hand him isolated voters. Shoot at him influential persons who might command blocks of votes. If it's the crossing at Sexton's Corners, remark that Father Quinn or the Reverend Henry W. Smith says he's growing anxious about the lives of his Sunday School children. A clergyman is always a splendid point; for if he gets enraged or en-

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thusiastic enough, he may swing his congregation. By the same token, if you're boosting a friend for an appointment the fact that Jones teaches a very popular Young Men's Bible Class is a trump card—providing it is true. However, you may doubt, from your knowledge of his character, whether Jones would know a Bible if he saw one. In that case, play up his popularity and influence in the Tanks Club.

You finish, and pause for an answer. Don't expect anything definite. Says the old proverb of the Foreign Offices, "If a diplomat says 'yes,' he means 'perhaps'; if he says 'perhaps' he means 'no'; if he says 'no' he's no diplomat. If a lady says 'no' she means 'perhaps'; if she says 'perhaps' she means 'yes'; if she says 'yes' she's no lady." Your politician, red-blooded male though he is, resembles in this the lady rather than the diplomat. Until he is driven into a corner, he finds it hard to utter that word "yes." He will not utter it, in fact, until he squeezes the last drop of personal advantage out of the transaction. He is almost as chary of saying "no." Still, in those unimaginable complexities of any situation with which a politician deals, it may possibly be that he will find it advisable to drop his guard all at once and graciously grant your request.

But getting full assent from your politician is like winning a capital prize in a Dutch Schulz policy game—an event for the front page. What you will get, probably, is a heart-rending inventory of the obstacles he must overcome in order to accomplish this much-desired end, more than balanced by a show of zealous desire to accomplish it. Then his secretary breaks in and begins hovering. You take the hint. As you walk out into the fresh air, you are all aglow. While you can't be certain, you feel in your heart that this man—how unjustly you have heard him maligned!—is your friend, will do his best, will most likely succeed.

And a few days later, probably, you open your newspaper to learn that the Council has postponed action on the crossing at Sexton's Corners to the next fiscal year, or that an individual entirely unknown to you has received the appointment. You are enraged, of course. You could soak that politician with gasoline and burn him in the public square. Yet, guiltily somehow, you realize that even as you applied the match you'd like the pup. —Will Irwin

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VOICE OF PITY

A NOTE ON A SIGNIFICANT ARTIST OF THIS CENTURY: GREAT-HEARTED KAETHE KOLLWITZ

When Kaethe Schmidt was born in Koenigsberg in 1867, the twin fairies Pity and Indignation claimed her for their own. Kaethe Schmidt grew up and by marriage became Kaethe Kollwitz, the wife of a physician and the mother of sons, one of whom was taken from her in battle. Study and training gave her mediums through which she was enabled to express her sense of pity and her sense of indignation through the forms of art. And the tragedies of Germany, in which was involved her personal loss, gave her both subject matter and challenges to declare herself.

Her declarations have never been equivocal. No one has ever mistaken her meaning, not even the Kaiser and not even the Kaiserin, both of whom refused to sanction honors accorded to her. She has been the artist of the common people, in that she has made art out of their weal and their woe and she has been content to receive understanding and approbation from them alone. She has worked in etching, lithography, and wood-block, all of them mediums in which it is easy to reproduce the message either of art or of propaganda.

Her art may be summed up as a cry from a sympathetic heart. That is why there are exclamation marks in her titles, as in *Bread!* Her art is an advocacy for the rights of the underdog; it is a demand for women's rights, workers' rights, children's rights, for peace and for compassion. The years of war and the years of hunger and the inflation gave her many motives—all of them derived from the streets of the Berlin slum which she has made her home out of choice for the past thirty years. Her art is a speaking to the people of the things which concern them, and not the esthetes. If the esthetes also are pleased, so much the better.

The propaganda in her art is not a blemish, but the very rock

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KLEEMANN GALLERIES, NEW YORK

SELF PORTRAIT: KAETHE KOLLWITZ

on which it is founded. Storm and sunny day have found her equally unflinching. In the Kaiser's time she was not without recognition grudgingly granted; in the days of the Republic she became the first woman to be elected to the Prussian Academy, of whose department of graphic art she was made the head, as well as of the Kaethe Kollwitz School founded in her honor. Since Hitler, official encouragement has been withdrawn, and she has been barely permitted to work in silence and obscurity and in increasing poverty. She has refused to leave Germany on the ground that someone must stay

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CALL OF DEATH

against the better days to come.

A little woman with thinning, grey hair, a calm, meditative disposition and large sad eyes which are constantly getting worse, she has of late years shown continuing preoccupation with Death, whom, in a series of lithographs, she objectifies as a faceless terror that wrenches children from mothers and mothers from children. She seems to find it difficult to banish the theme. The *Call of Death*, for example, is almost a self-portrait. Perhaps by objectifying her own dread, this little 72-year-old woman can rob it of some of its terror.

The religion that bids you do good to your fellow man was the

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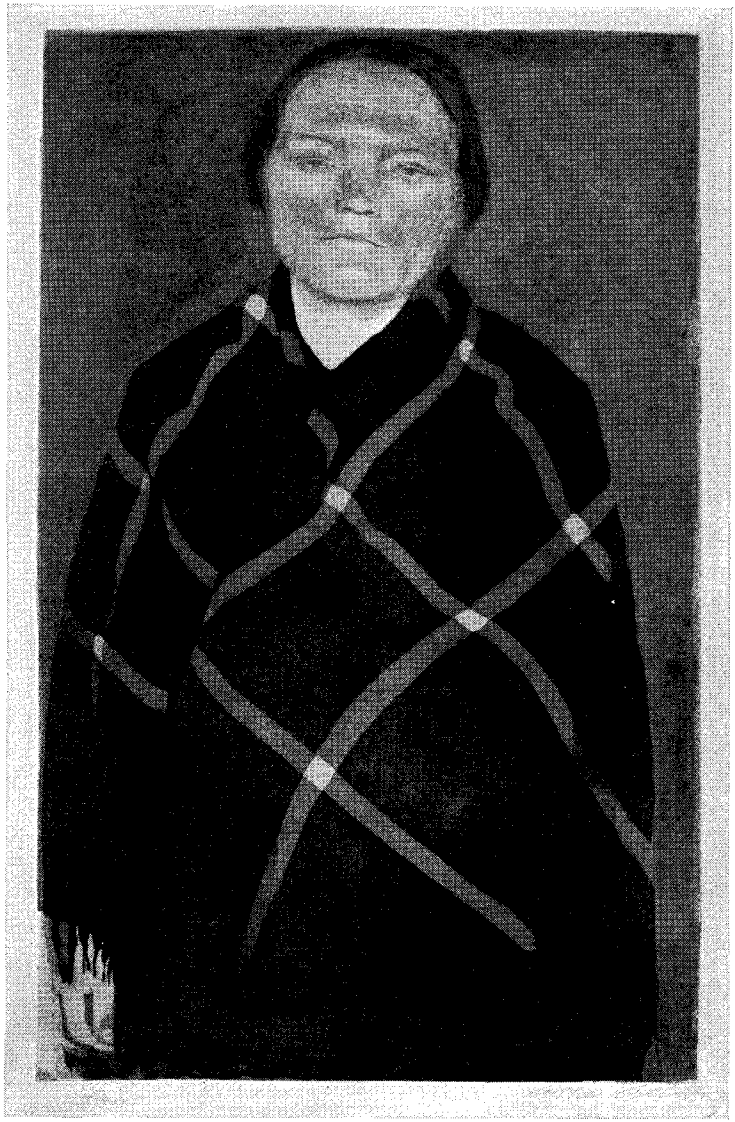

PREGNANT WOMAN

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GOSSIPING WOMEN

deepest and earliest influence of the artist's girlhood. To this day she cannot say whether the power which made her labors possible is something that is related to religion or is religion itself. Her maternal grandfather was a pastor who went to prison for subversive activities in the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. Her father was a clergyman whose emotion upon reading a translation of Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt* she remembered for years after-

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WOMAN WITH SLEEPING CHILD

wards. With her brother, Karl, who became an editor of the *Berlin Vorwaertz*, she explored Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Hauptmann and other writers of the new age. Her first important work was a series of etchings based on Hauptmann's play, *The Weavers*, for which she was awarded a silver medal. This was the prize the Kaiser refused to let her have, but she got it the following year. Her second important series of etchings was one based on the Peas-

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WOMAN'S HEAD

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DEATH, WOMAN AND CHILD

ants' War of the sixteenth century, for which she received a fellowship which gave her a year of leisure in Italy. In 1891 she had married Dr. Karl Kollwitz and had gone with him to live among the poor of Berlin, for he was one of those physicians who had a mission instead of a bedside manner. By 1893 she had had her first exhibition and by 1898 her *Weavers* cycle had established her in the consciousness of German artists.

Frau Kollwitz stands today as one of the greatest woman artists of this century, whose reputation has long since transcended the narrow spiritual boundaries of her native land. That one can read her sex in her art may be a limi-

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BREAD!

tation, but it is a limitation in which she must glory. Romain Rolland, in his tribute to her, proclaims the glory of this limitation: "This woman, with her great heart, has taken the people into her mothering arms with sombre and tender pity. She is the voice of the silence of the sacrificed."

—HARRY SALPETER

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TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

FOUR PAINTINGS BY FRANS HALS

When an oppressed Holland was getting its long-denied taste of independence in the early 17th century, Frans Hals (1580-1666) sat right down to the banquet and gorged himself with the rest of the guests. National enthusiasm rode high in those days, the Dutch were as good as anybody, and honest well-to-do burghers were proving it by commissioning portraits of themselves just as, up to then, only members of the court had been in the custom of doing. Hals was precisely the one to meet this new demand for citizen portraiture. He was facile and earthy, and yet knew how to turn out a portrait with supremely flattering dash and bravura. Sometimes, as in his *Head of a Laughing Child*, above, he just painted for the fun of it—and then nobody could match him for sparkling spontaneity.

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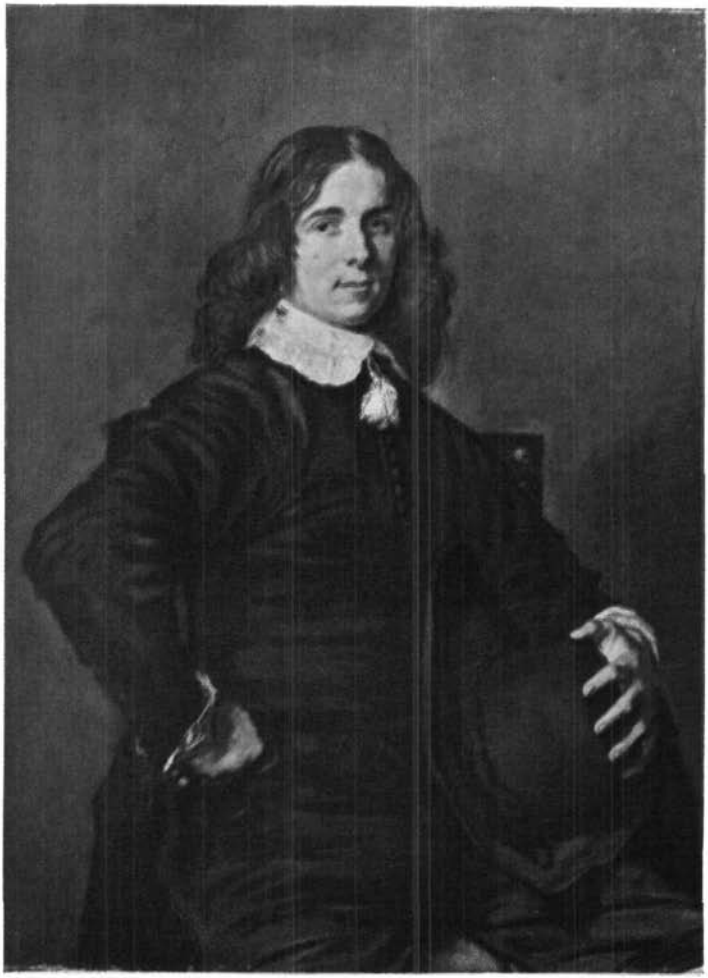

TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

Ranked second only to Rembrandt in Holland as a portrait painter, Hals became intoxicated not so much with success as with a zest for life. The virility and vigor of his nature manifested itself in the spirit of his portraits even when they were superficially dignified.

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TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN

Not too highly gifted with insight, never quite attaining the perception of a Rembrandt, Hals nevertheless gave character to every portrait he painted. The subject has a personality of his own and the face wears a "real life" expression, not a fabricated one.

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CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM HANNA COLL.

FISHER GIRL

Hals had his day but lived to see it wane. He went through bankruptcy and in the end became a public charge. This was no sudden reversal of fortune for him. Even in his most prosperous period he had managed to keep himself in debt with reasonable consistency.

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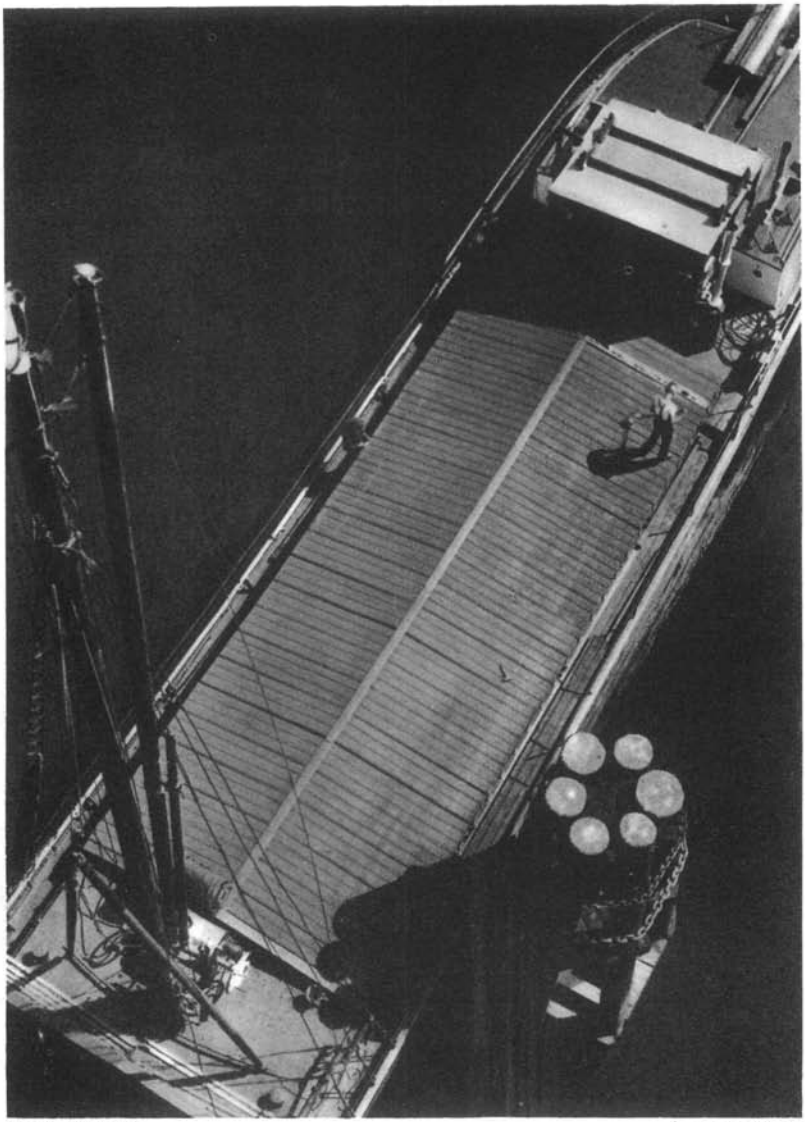

HEIN GORNY NEW YORK

BETWEEN CARGOES

JUNE, 1939

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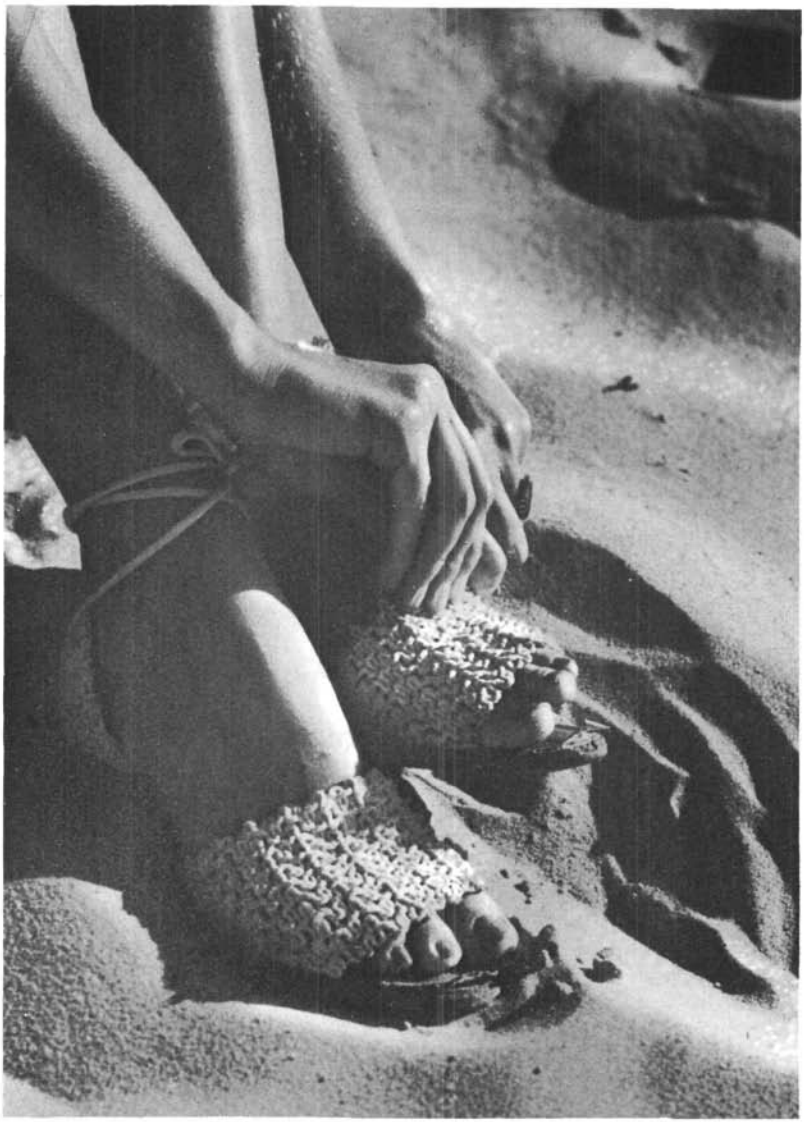

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SHE

CORONET

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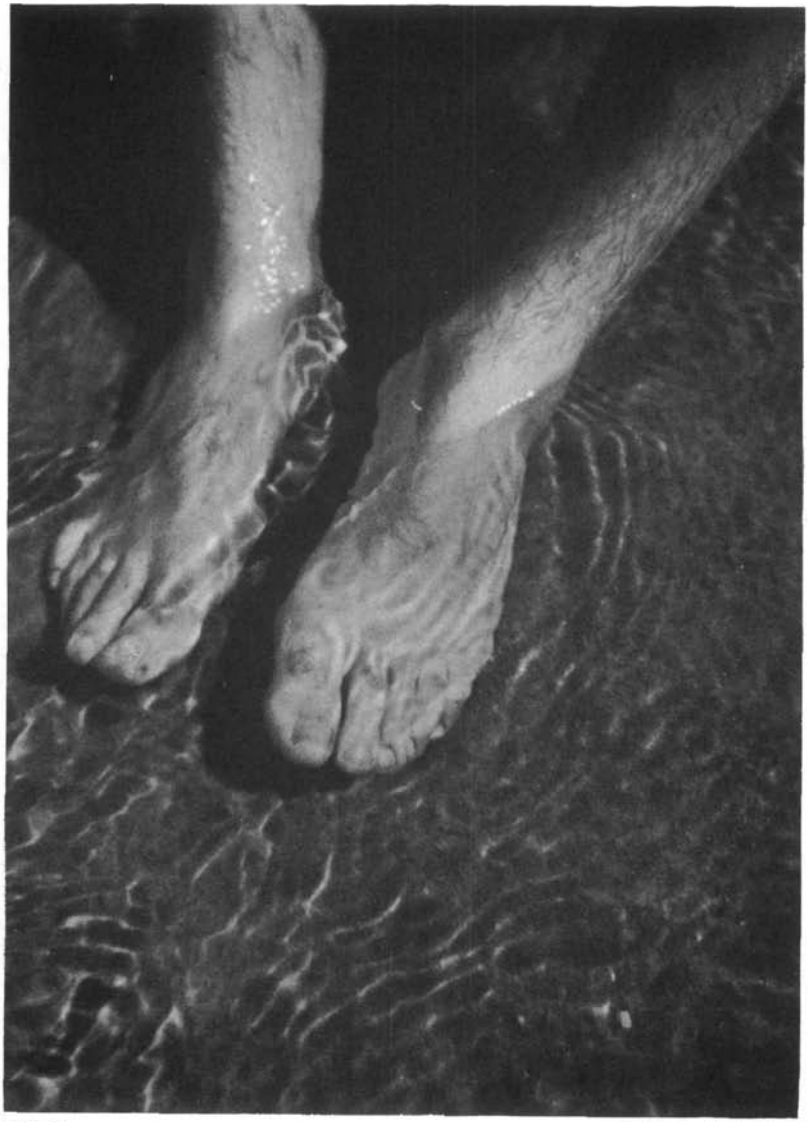

LOVELL FROM BLACK STAR

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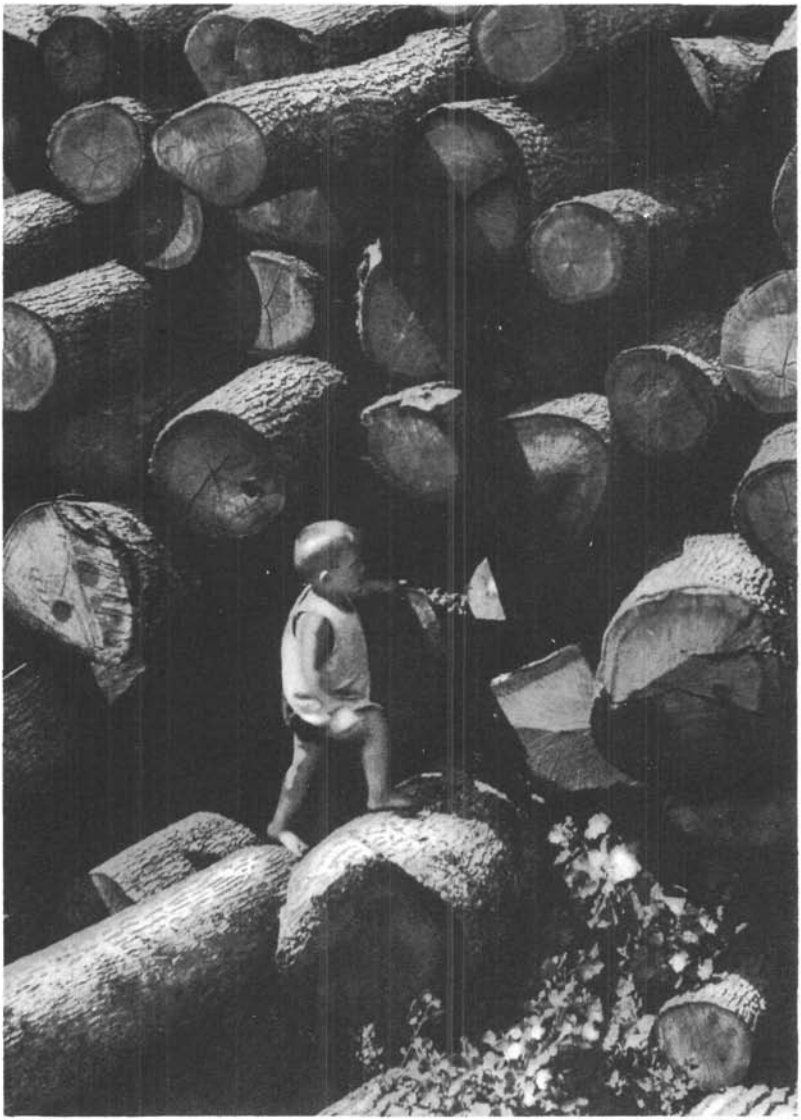

VADAS FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

UNSEASONED

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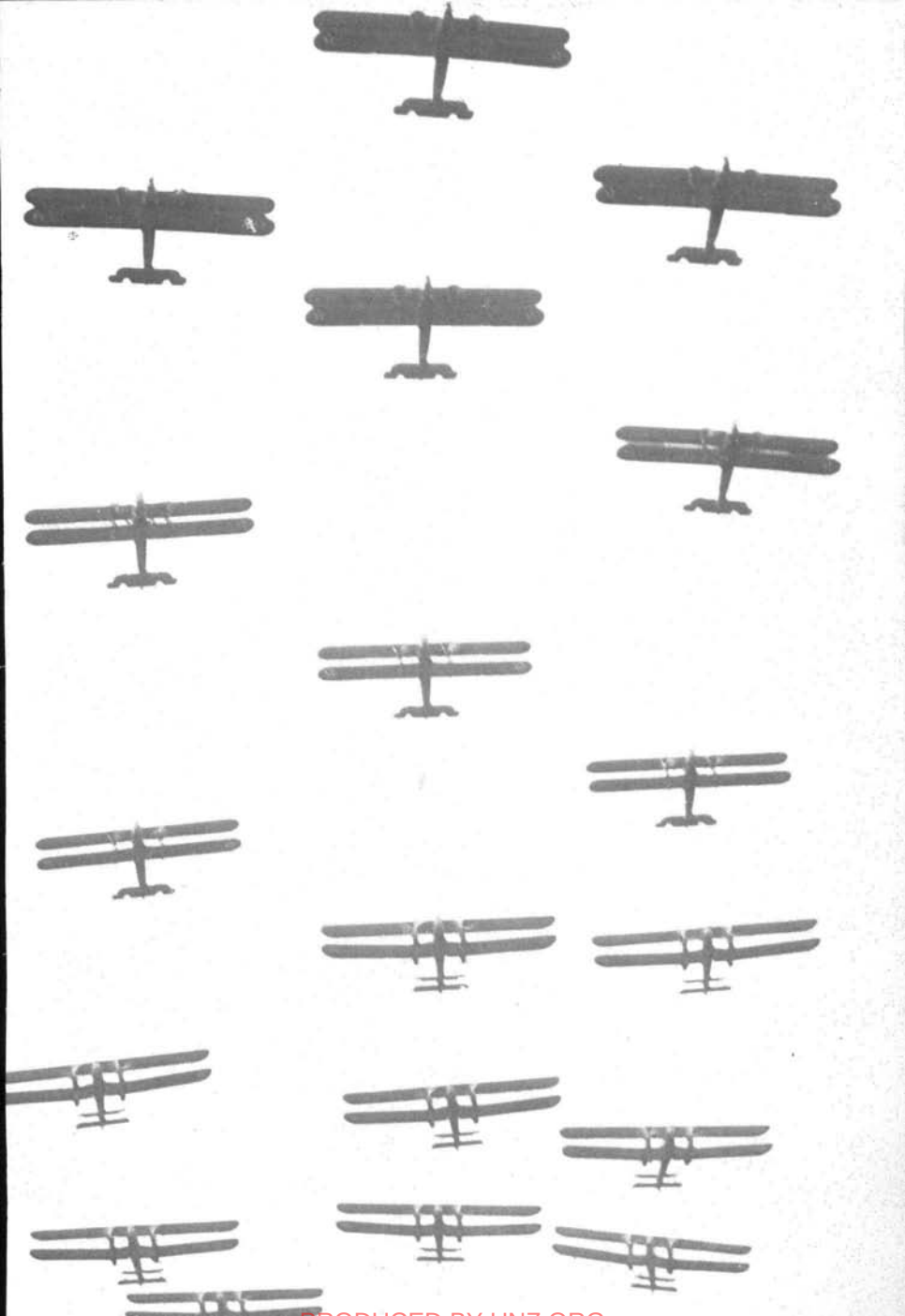

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LONGWORTH, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

ERNST RATHENAU NEW YORK

THE WEARY YEARS

CORONET

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NED HUNGERFORD ROCHESTER, N. Y.

YEARS OF GRACE

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OBERT, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

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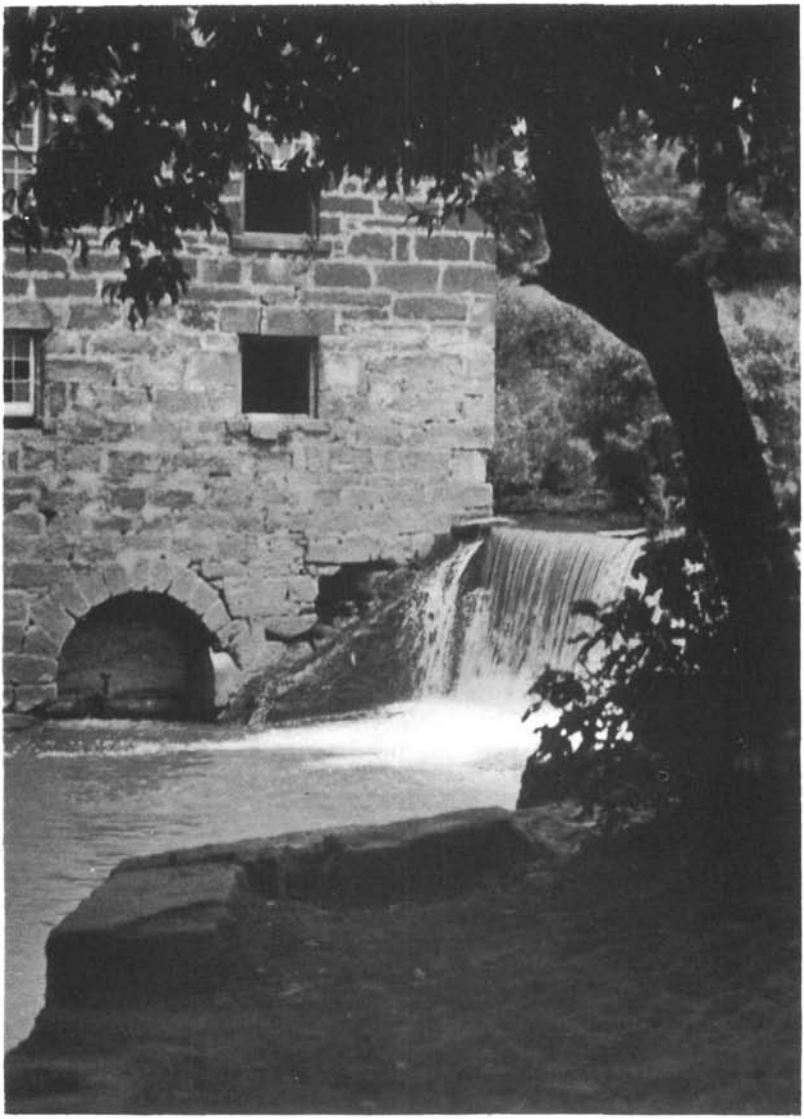

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

VOICES OF SPRING

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L. CALLMANN DAVOS, SWITZERLAND

MOUNTAIN MUSIC

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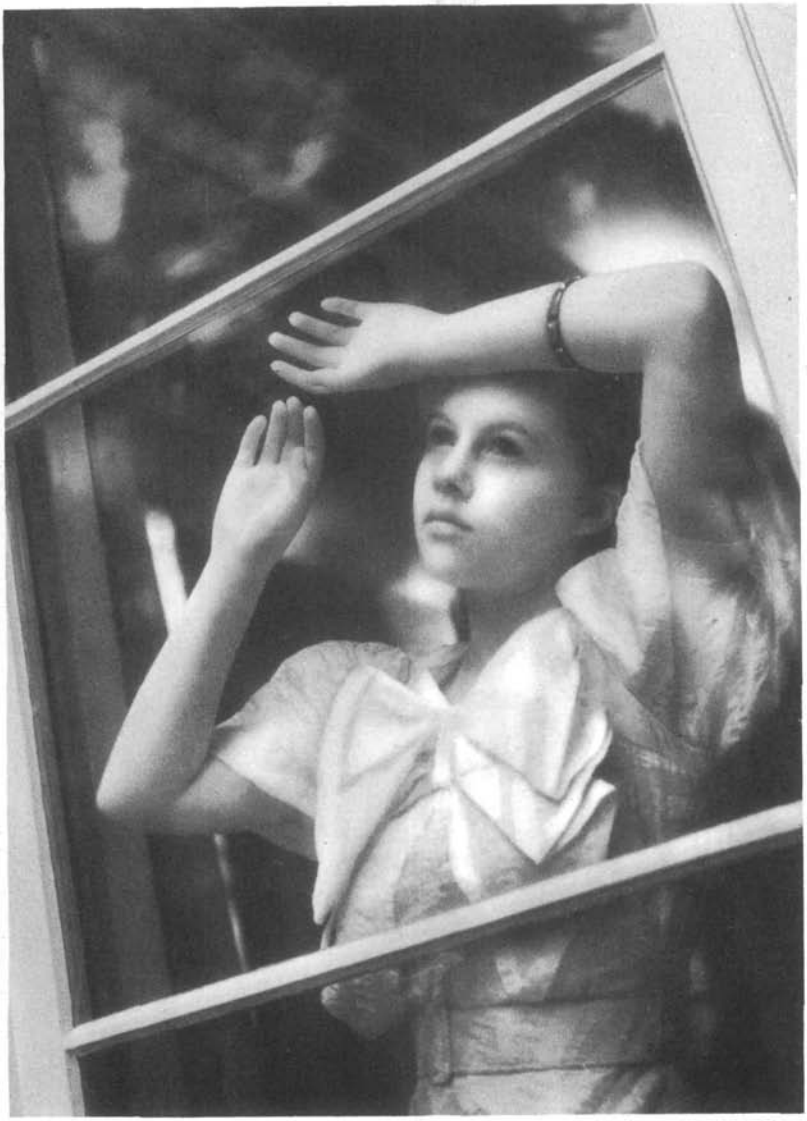

RELANG FROM THREE LIONS

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

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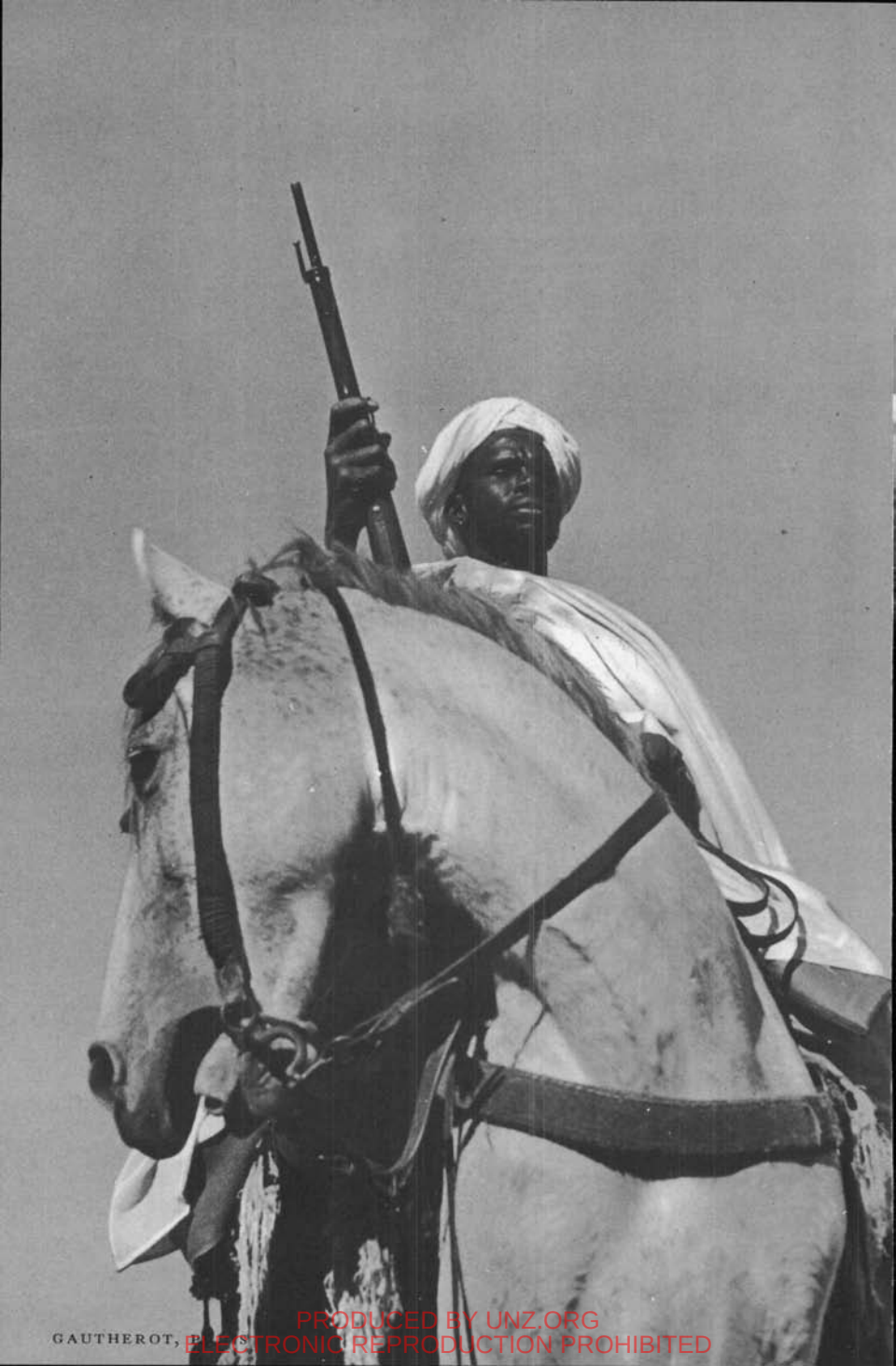

GAUTHEROT,

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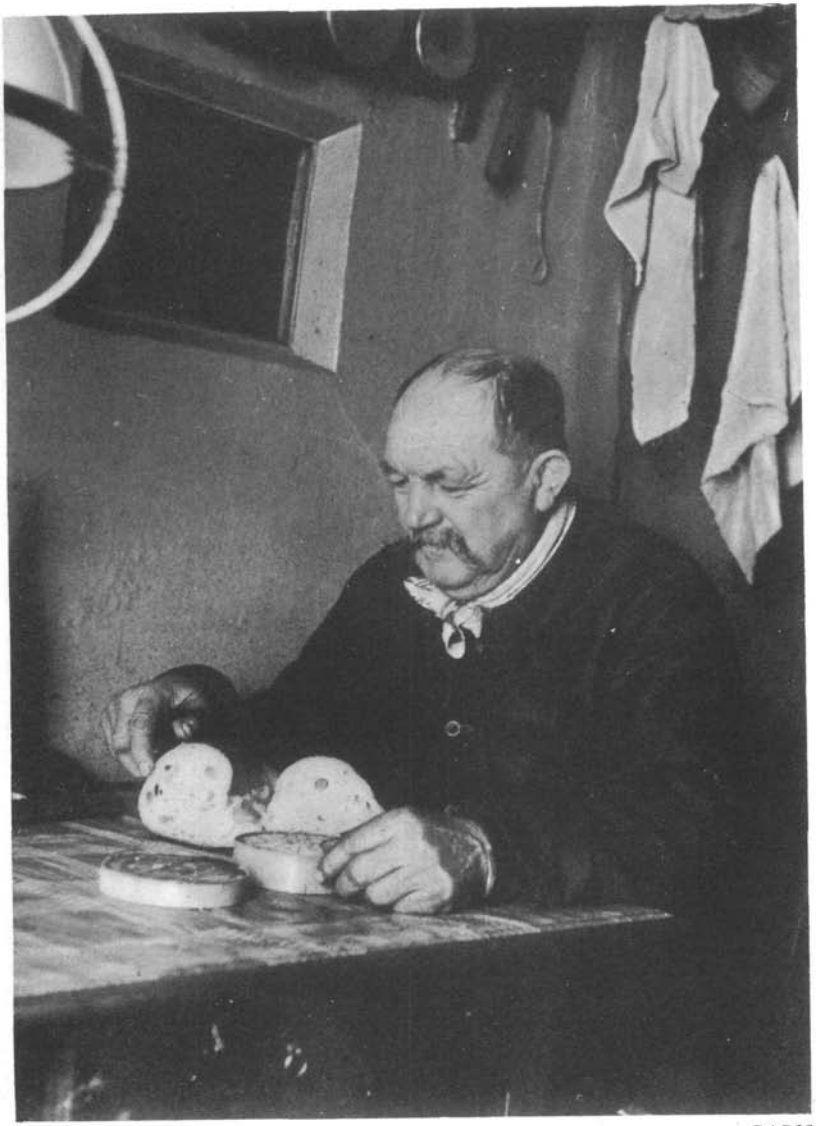

NORA DUMAS PARIS

GIVE US THIS DAY

JUNE, 1939

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEIDENSTÜCKER BUDAPEST

RUN

CORONET

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HENRI CARTIER PARIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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CAROLA FROM MONKEMEYER

OPPORTUNISTS

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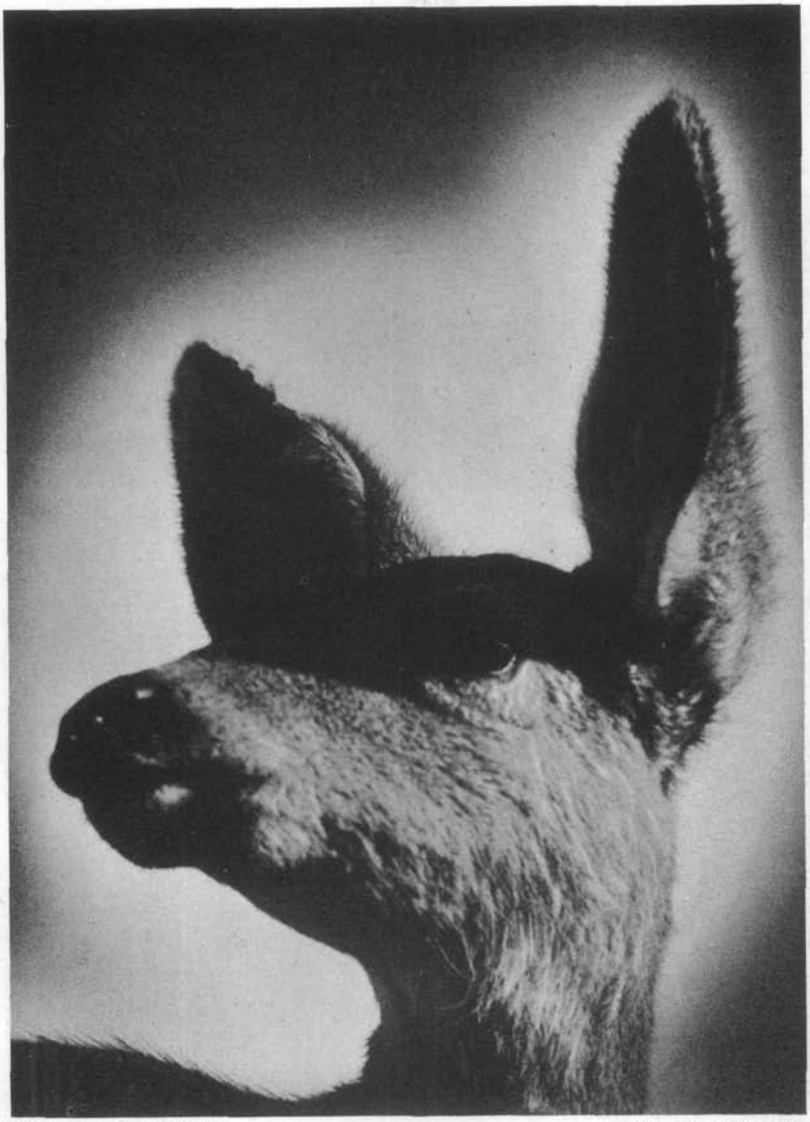

MELVIN JOHANSEN OAKLAND, CALIF.

EAVESDROPPER

JUNE, 1939

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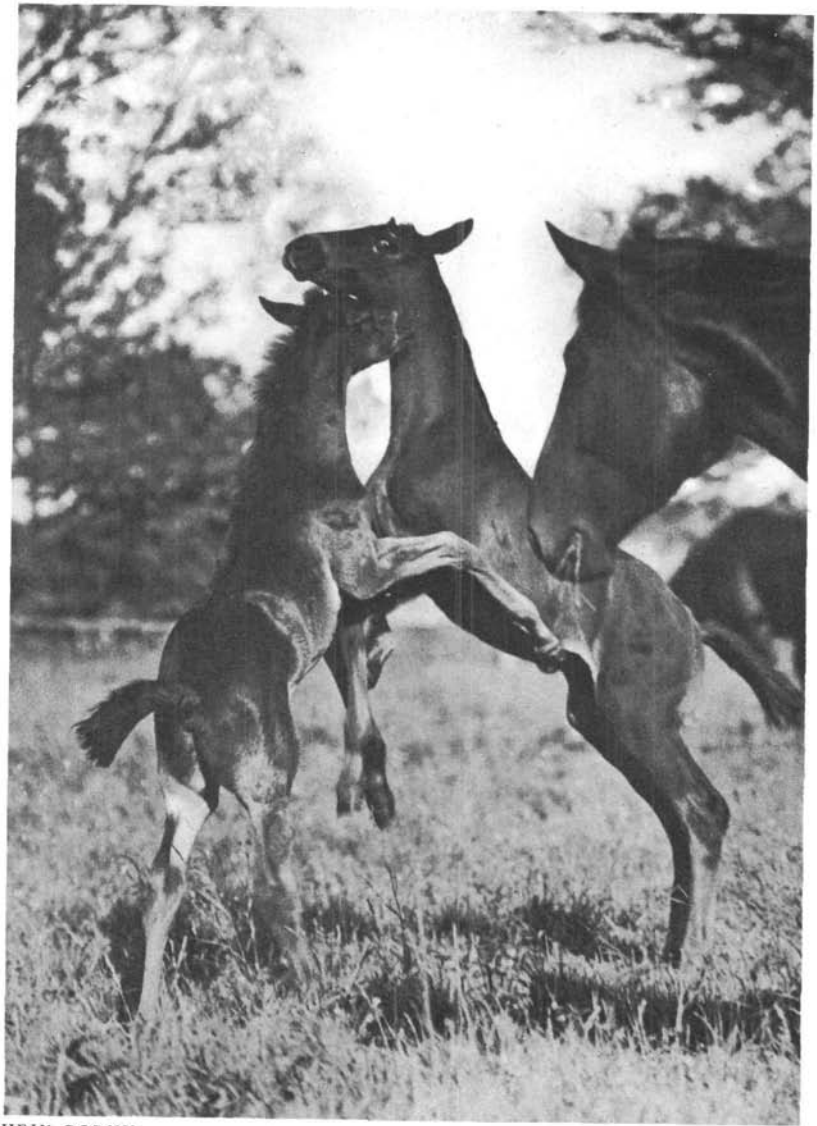

HEIN GORNY NEW YORK

ROUGHNECK

CORONET

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EDWARD QUIGLEY FROM GRAPHIC

LITTLE HUNTER

JUNE, 1939

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRISON FORMAN NEW YORK

YOUNG WARRIOR

CORONET

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JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

SCHOOL'S OUT!

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ROLAND BEERS DALLAS, TEXAS

ALL DAY

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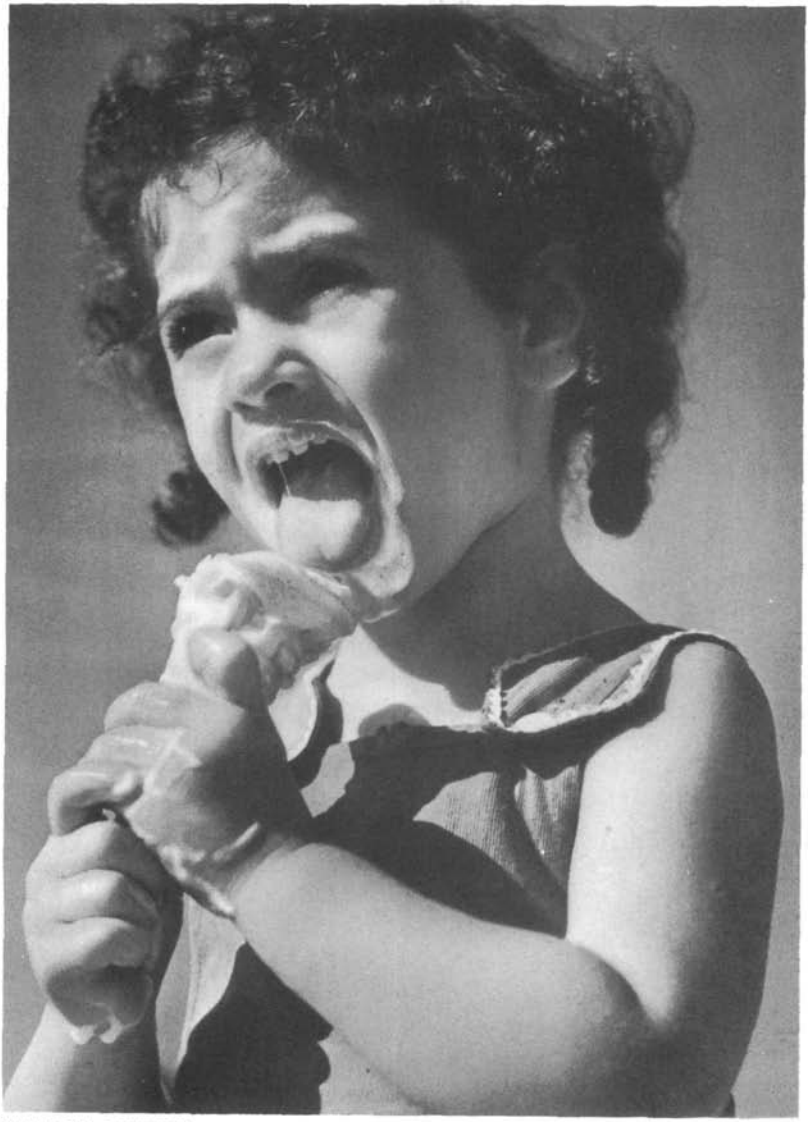

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

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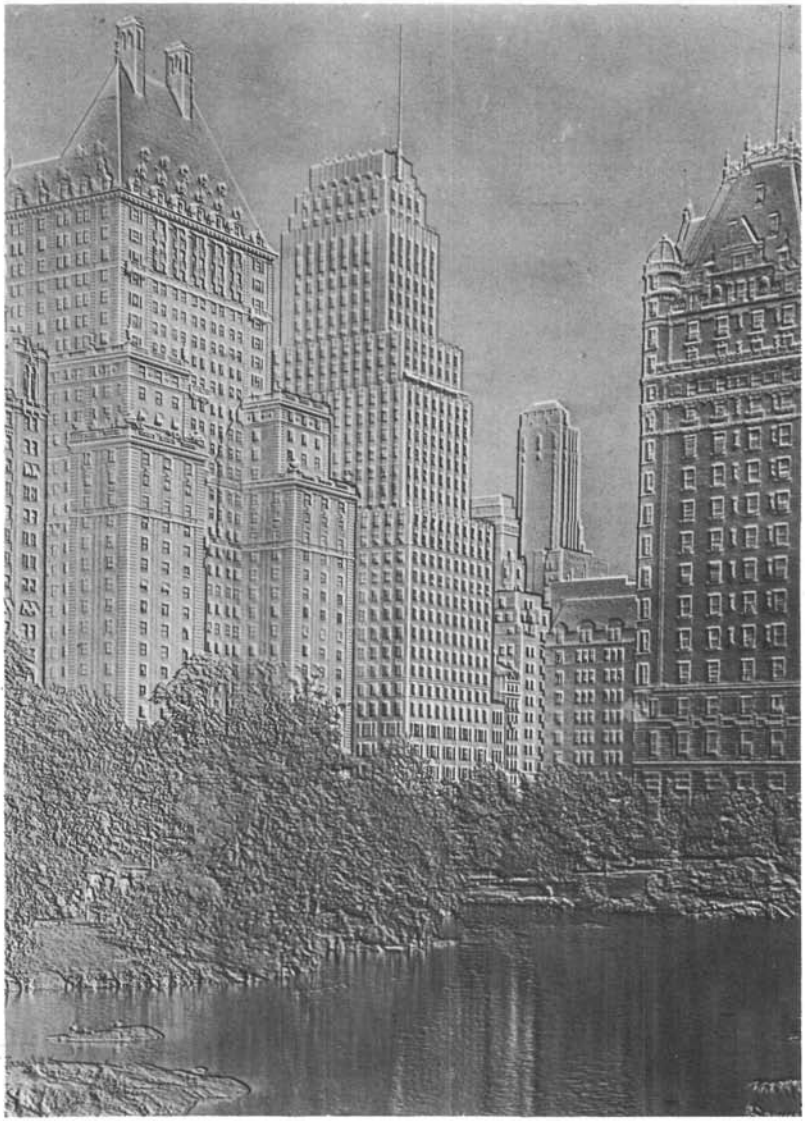

IRVING BROWNING NEW YORK

MANHATTAN MATRIX

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

LATIN QUARTER

JUNE, 1939

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DEUTCH, CHICAGO

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GAUTHEROT, PARIS

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DR. CSÖRGEÖ BUDAPEST

LAVED

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

AVATAR

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

BAL DES SAUVAGES

CORONET

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

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THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Frame in Each Pair Goes Better with the Painting? Answers on Page 113

THE application of paint and brush to a substance known as canvas sometimes results in what connoisseurs call a painting. Unfortunately, the whole idea seems to stop right there. Consumers of the product seldom bother their heads unduly with the final step in the process of manufacture—that of framing. How much good the right frame can do for a painting—and how much damage the wrong frame can do to it—is well illustrated on the following pages. At the same time, you will be testing your taste in picture frames. Our device is a simple one. On each page we have put the same painting into two different frames. You are requested to pick out the more suitable frame in each instance. (We have already made up our own minds.) The frames on pages 91, 92 and 94 were furnished by William Justema.

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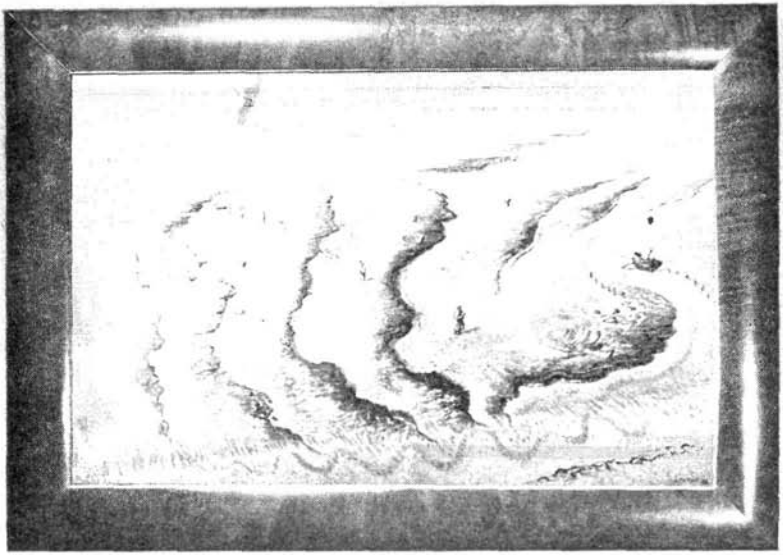
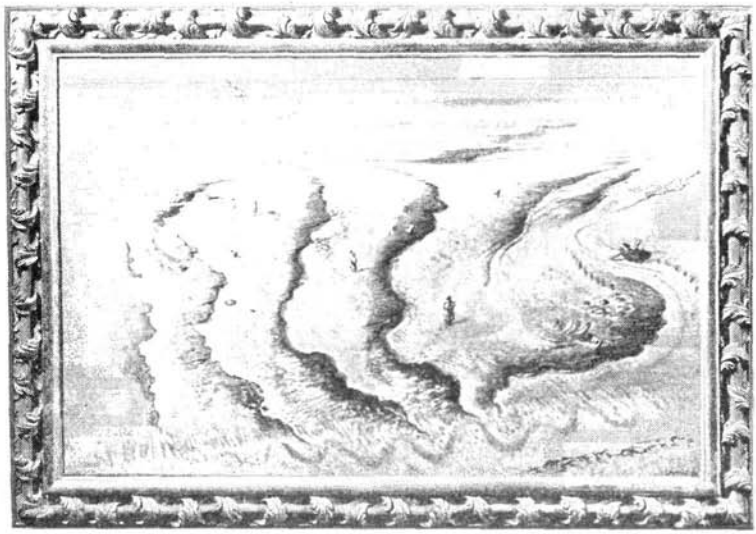


A

1. LOW TIDE AT BOULOGNE BY LEONID



B

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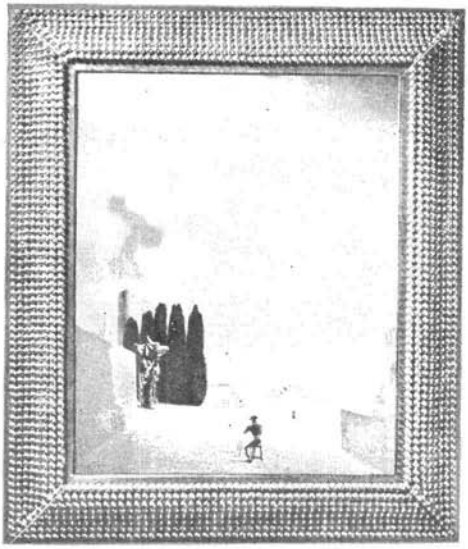

A

B

2. ENIGMATIC ELEMENTS
IN LANDSCAPE
BY SALVADOR DALI

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A

B

3. STILL LIFE WITH
PLASTER FIGURE
BY HENRI MATISSE

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A

4. THE ITINERANT PEDDLER OF AMPHORAE
BY EUGÈNE BERMAN

B

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A

5. SIN-LE-NOBLE ROAD BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

B

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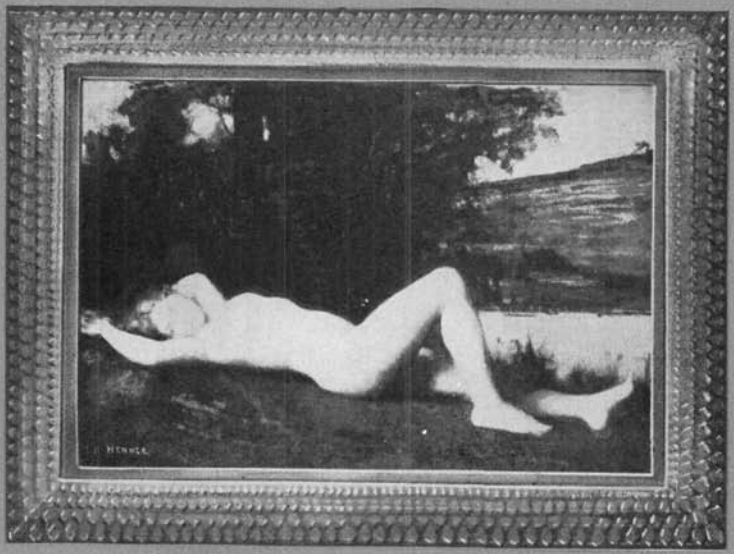
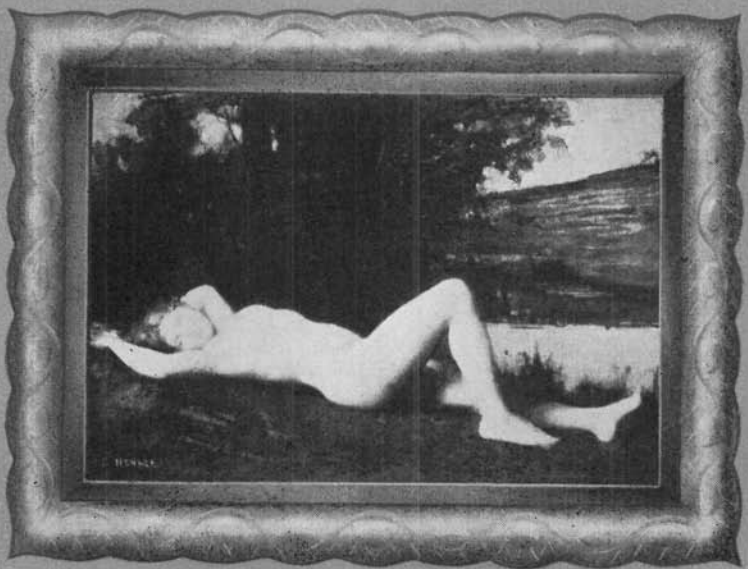


A

6. NAÏADE BY JEAN JACQUES HENNER



B

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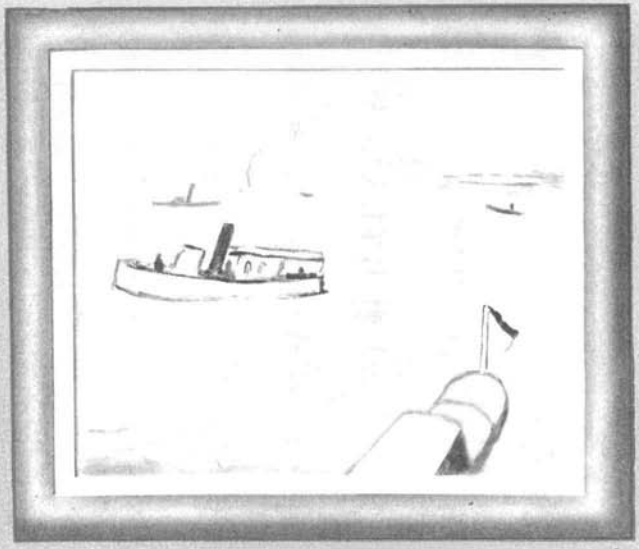

A

7. THE VEDETTE BOAT OF HAMBURG BY MARQUET

B

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TECHNIQUE OF PAINTING—II

A Study of Impressionism

UP TO the late 19th century, whenever an artist wanted to paint a purple area, he would mix red and blue on his palette to attain a flat purple color. Then came the impressionists with the discovery that a smear of red alongside a smear of blue, applied directly to the canvas, blended at a distance into a more brilliant purple than the palette-mixed color. It was the impressionists, too, who rose above the academic conception of nature as a series of lines and tone values. They sought to paint objects not as they exist in their physical entities but as they actually appear to the eye at a given moment, blurred in outline as they might be and modified by the intervening atmosphere and the light reflected from their surface. From such iconoclasm, painting technique could not very well have emerged the same —and to most the transition has seemed all to the good.

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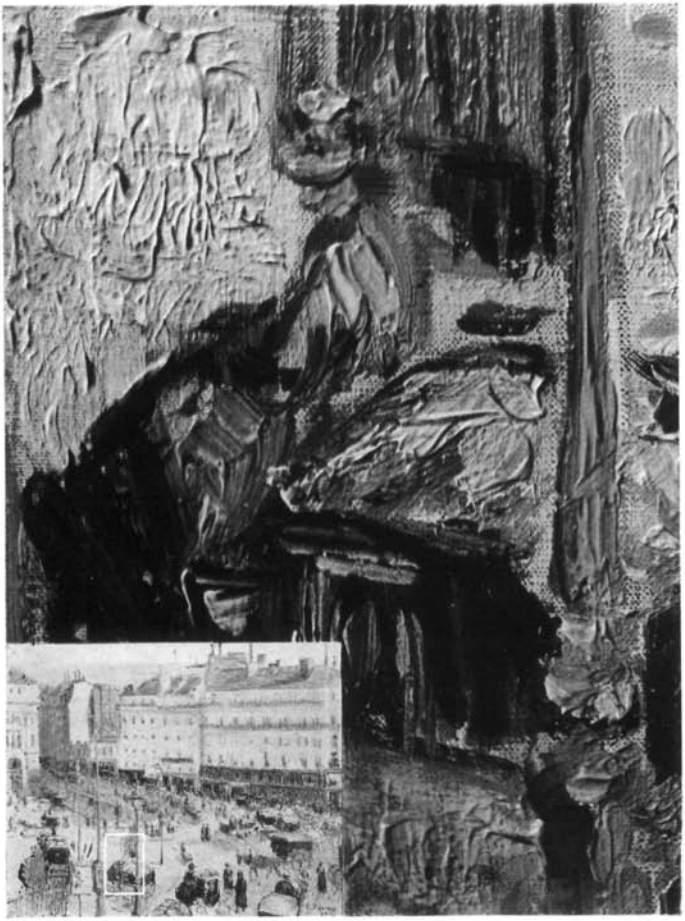

ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO PALMER COLL.

PLACE DU HÂVRE, PARIS BY PISSARRO

A photograph of this scene would be one thing, an academic painting of it not quite another. But this impressionistic painting by Camille Pissarro is something far removed from either: an expression not of the scene but of an aspect of light reflected from the scene. It was reflected light, not the objects which reflected it, that intrigued the impressionists. There is no framework of draughtsmanship here—just the sheer vibrancy of color chords in the luminous out-of-doors.

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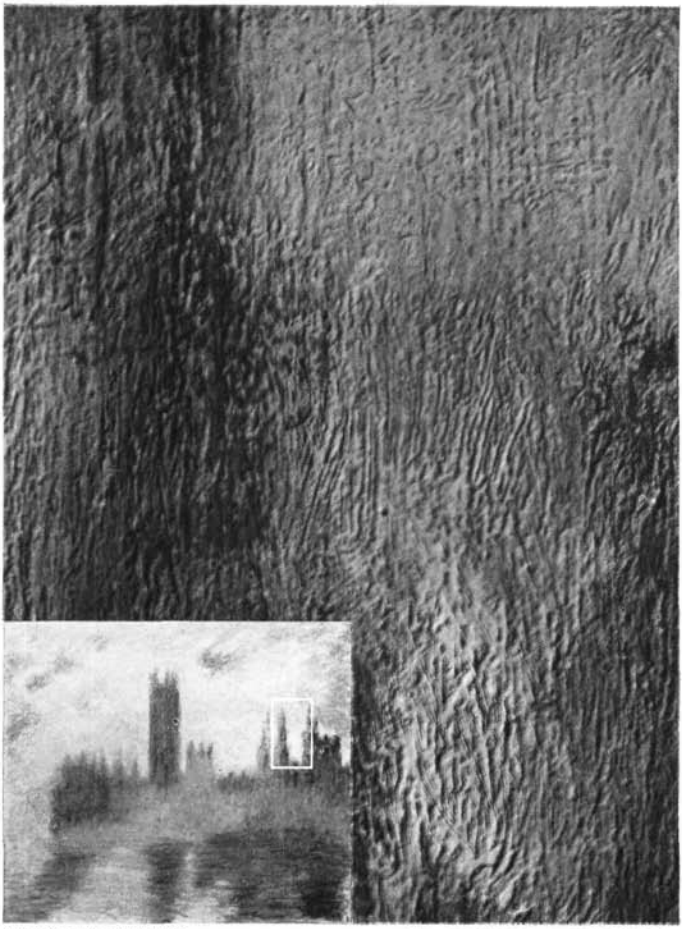

ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO MR. AND MRS. M. A. RYERSON COLL.

WESTMINSTER BY MONET

Historic Westminster meant nothing to Claude Monet, the true father of impressionism and the most typical of them all. This painting, as evident from the color detail, is heavy in pigment; but neither buildings, sky, nor water is important. The message concerns only atmosphere and light. It is a fleeting impression of sunlight breaking through the mist and reflections dancing on the moving waters, in keeping with the impressionists' conception of painting as the language of color vision.

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ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO MR. AND MRS. M. A. RYERSON COLL.

STILL LIFE BY MONET

Here Monet built up his forms with stroke after stroke of pigment, depending very little upon draughtsmanship and moulding the roundness of the apples with varying intensities of color. The shadows are composed of overlaid colors, which in a way constitute the bass of the chromatic keyboard, and the lights are pure unmixed daubs of color in a higher treble key. Realistic as the subject matter seems, the entire painting is not one of apples and grapes but of light and vibration.

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ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO PALMER COLL.

NEAR THE LAKE BY RENOIR

Least literal of the group, but most gifted of them all, Renoir had exactly the right touch for the soft blended harmonies of impressionism. Without being bound too closely by its precepts, he knew how to use them to advantage. The detail illustrates his masterful use of pigment for outright visual gratification: the delicacy of intermingled tones in well-cadenced juxtaposition, a caressing texture, and a warm radiance that permeates the whole composition and holds it together.

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PROFITS FROM IDLENESS

YOU CAN NAG YOURSELF INTO A BREAKDOWN—
OR LEARN THE SECRET OF SELF-REFRESHMENT

WE LIVE in a work-conscious era. We are all of us under constant pressure to get more done and to increase efficiency. In almost every realm of our lives we make a practice of glorifying work.

Work is an excellent thing in its way. By a long devotion to it, our race has succeeded in producing some uniquely large skyscrapers, some remarkably lengthy and devious subways, and a host of such various achievements as dams and steamships and stock exchanges and coal mines. But work can also become (and has clearly done so) an obsession. It can come to absorb our attention so entirely that we lose our natural gift for enjoying idleness. We turn into work-ridden neurotics, and we forget that How to Get More Done can be a very vicious knowledge indeed, unless it be balanced by an equal knowledge of How to Do Nothing. It is humorous, but incontestably a fact, that the proudest of all the mammals has come to be far less wise in these matters than squirrels and orioles instinctively are, and that we stand in grave need of re-learning, by a deliberate effort, the once simple and natural art of Doing Nothing Whatever.

The practice of idleness is not as easy, you will find, as it sounds. Such sodden work-addicts have we all become that it is no easier, you will discover, for you really to cease working than it is for a waltzing mouse to cease whirling. You are not going to re-learn overnight the antique technique of relaxed contentment which once upon a time we shared with owls and moles and badgers, but which in our preoccupation with an increasingly mechanized and increasingly work-full world we heedlessly sloughed away. You are not going to be able, all in a minute, to re-discover the lost Enjoyment of Idleness. But it is important that you should try. It is im-

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portant because by no other means will you ever find those quiet reservoirs from which a human being can draw strength to stand up against the clattering chaos of our industrial world; by no other means will you ever be able to tap certain ancient wellsprings of the spirit.

Idleness is not easily or lightly to be undertaken. To see how grievously ignorant of our old idleness-lore we have become, it is only necessary to observe the pathetic behavior of men and women who have escaped from their jobs for a little while and who are earnestly trying to idle. Playing golf, tossing a medicine-ball, driving an automobile, taking hikes, going to dances—these furious pursuits are not proper ingredients for successful idleness. They are nothing, indeed, but work, translated slightly. The man is not practicing idleness who is even raking autumn leaves or weeding his delphiniums or strolling with a friend. He is engaging, to be sure, in pleasant and agreeable occupations. But he is not idling.

The recipe for the practice of idleness is very simple. It can be put in a nutshell, and it is this: Idleness consists of the abeyance of physical strain and the cessation of purposeful thinking. That is all there is to it. It has an easy sound . . . and it is one of the hardest things in the world for a modern human being to achieve. It requires, you see, not only that you relax your over-taut nerves and muscles, but also that you shut off —like a man turning a switch— those driving psychic forces and impelling inner urgencies which ordinarily prod you through your harried days like so many constant goads. It requires that you allow yourself to become for a while as purposeless, desire-less, intention-less, as a maple leaf or a stone. It requires that you abandon, for the period of idleness, those restless biddings and nagging energies with which civilization has infected you, and that you exchange the fatiguing habits of planned activity and planned thinking for a directionless and unguided drifting of the spirit. It requires, in a word, that you Do Nothing.

Have you ever watched an animal at rest? Look, sometime, at a relaxing tiger or a fox; look at your cat. Those calm unseeing eyes are fixed on nothing; those muscles lie as quiet as though they were sculptured of stone; it is clear that in that furry skull the usual preoccupations have been stilled utterly. The animal is idling.

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It is a variety of experience which comes naturally to him—as naturally as eating or sleeping or begetting his kind—but it is something which you will have to learn. And when you have learned it, you are going to find that a whole new world of sensation has been opened to you, a world of such peace and also of such subtle awareness as you have never previously known. The man who has mastered the art of idleness has made the acquaintance of a cool and calm and lovely realm which has unmatched powers for refreshing the weary human spirit. He has learned how to enter into a kingdom which to too many men and women is perpetually closed.

Right now is as good a time as any to make your first try at idleness. You are sitting in your house or apartment, reading this magazine. In a few minutes, when you have finished the brief paragraphs that follow, you will please put the magazine aside. Extinguish, first, that cigarette—which you didn't particularly want anyway, did you?—and consciously call a halt to all the little movements which you have absent-mindedly been making . . . the foot-tapping, the nervous eye-winking, the drumming of fingers on your chair-arm. Let these things cease. You doubtless haven't noticed it, but all the time you have been reading this article your breathing has been quick and shallow. It is the typical breathing rhythm of our over-hurried days. Relax your lungs. Breathe deeply, slowly. A curiously pleasant feeling, isn't it?

If you wear glasses, remove them now. That little pressure on the bridge of your nose is more of a distraction and vexation than you realize. And so is the binding tightness of your belt, and the constriction of your collar. Loosen them. Make certain that nowhere on your body is there a stress or a pull. Lie back now in your easy-chair, and be at rest. Do not attempt to follow any patterned train of thought. Your thinking is going to be wholly purposeless now. Your spirit is going to drift and wander as it pleases.

And now—if you have rightly followed the injunctions, have let your body be limp and effortless, your mind set free of its normal galling harness—dim half-thoughts and recollections and awarenesses will presently stir in your newly-freed consciousness. Because the tyranny of Thought and the tyranny of Action are alike in abeyance now, your spirit has a chance to be aware of, say, the fragrance of the flowers in the vase on that

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table over there. The fragrance has been subtly in the room all day, but your spirit has not been free to savor it. Breathe that fragrance deep into your lungs and make the most of it, for to a drifting spirit it can be magically evocative. And now another awareness has come to you—awareness of the feel of that ray of sunlight on your hand. It is a good and lovely feeling, when a man's soul is free to notice it. The world has somehow become not quite so bad now, you will find, with the scent of flowers in your nostrils and the feel of sunlight on your flesh.

Drift on, and be at peace. How odd a music is the buzzing of that fly, how breath-takingly blue that patch of sky which your lazily wandering eye now glimpses through the window. The feel of the chair against your relaxed muscles is a kind of benison, and the slow deep drawing of your breath has wrought a singular peace. Oblique and fragmentary recollections come to you . . . the smell of the sea that year in Maine, the look of the deer-tracks you once saw in a snowy woods, the remembered flash of pheasant-wings on a hazy October afternoon. You have wholly entered now, at last, into that lovely secret realm which is the habitation known only to masters of the art of idleness.

At the outset of this article you were warned that your first attempt to practice idleness may not succeed. Nor may your second nor your third, so distantly have we removed ourselves from quiet ways of life. But with practice you shall learn, be assured. And be assured that it is worth the trying.

—Alan Devoe

SHOULD I CARE?

Howdy, folks! Wheee! Looks like we'd have some skiing if we get some hot weather and the snow melts. I'm Napoleon; I gotta fight Wellington in fifteen minutes. Look out for the zebra; it's under the sofa. Woof! I'm going swimming if I can find my skates. I live on the moon. Bunnies are nice if you can play first base. I like to sleep on tenpenny nails because they're so comfortable and soft.

I've got a date with a drum, tra la, tra la. Point that pistol at me; I wanna hold you up. I'm gonna be queen of the prom. Ha ha ha! Folks say I'm crazy! Ha ha! That's a laugh! I *am* crazy! Crazy as a loon! But I just got a new job, so what do I care? I got a swell new job!—Designing ladies' hats.

—Lester James

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A-SAILING WE WILL GO

IT MAY BE A STORMY VOYAGE BUT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE PORT WITHOUT CAPSIZING

TEST your knowledge of things nautical by completing each of the following fifty statements. Select one of the three suggested alternative answers. In computing your score, a credit of two points should be allowed for each correct answer. A score of 66 is fair, 78 is good, and 90 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 130.

1. Robert Fulton's first steamboat, sometimes called "Fulton's Folly," was the:
   (*a*) DeWitt Clinton; (*b*) Clermont; (*c*) John Fitch
2. The smallest of Columbus' boats was the:
   (*a*) Niña; (*b*) Pinta; (*c*) Santa Maria
3. The British passenger steamer sunk off the Irish coast by a German submarine in 1915 was the:
   (*a*) Lusitania; (*b*) Morro Castle; (*c*) Vestris
4. The name with which the *Merrimac*, the first American armored warship, was renamed was the:
   (*a*) Illinois; (*b*) New York; (*c*) Virginia
5. The ice-conquering steamship that served as Peary's base in his discovery of the North Pole was the:
   (*a*) Revenge; (*b*) Roosevelt; (*c*) Oregon
6. The sailing vessel that brought the Pilgrims to America under Capt. Christopher Jones was the:
   (*a*) Mayflower; (*b*) Speedwell; (*c*) Sunflower
7. The famous 44-gun frigate of the Barbary War and the War of 1812, affectionately known as "Old Ironsides" was the:
   (*a*) Congress; (*b*) America; (*c*) Constitution
8. The ship from which his mutinous crew set Captain William Bligh and eighteen sailors adrift was the:
   (*a*) Crawford; (*b*) Bounty; (*c*)

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Pitcairn

9. John Paul Jones' man-of-war, a converted merchantman, was the:
(*a*) Bonhomme Richard; (*b*) Hope; (*c*) Philadelphia

10. The British passenger ship sunk in 1912 in a collision with an iceberg was the:
(*a*) Titanic; (*b*) Independent; (*c*) Titan

11. The sailing craft used by Henry Hudson in discovering the river named for him was the:
(*a*) Hathaway; (*b*) Britannia; (*c*) Half Moon

12. The brig upon which Charles Darwin made his trip as a naturalist from 1831-1836 was the:
(*a*) Beagle; (*b*) Mammoth; (*c*) Caravel

13. Modern United States battleships are named for:
(*a*) Cities; (*b*) States; (*c*) Naval heroes

14. The giant ship that crossed the Atlantic in three days during 1936 was the:
(*a*) Empress of Britain; (*b*) Aquitania; (*c*) Queen Mary

15. The frigate of Captain James Lawrence, of "Don't give up the ship" fame, was the:
(*a*) Shannon; (*b*) Chesapeake; (*c*) Challenger

16. At Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1713 Andrew Robinson built the first "boat that skims" and named it a:
(*a*) Schooner; (*b*) Galleon; (*c*) Wherry

17. The American battleship blown up in Havana Harbor in 1898 was the:
(*a*) Maryland; (*b*) California; (*c*) Maine

18. In 1934 the British submarine L-24 collided with and was sunk by the British battleship:
(*a*) Resolute; (*b*) Swiftstar; (*c*) Egypt

19. The East River excursion boat that caught fire in June, 1904, and took the lives of 1,021 persons, was the:
(*a*) Norge; (*b*) General Slocum; (*c*) Daphne

20. The largest and most modern Italian steamship is the:
(*a*) Conte di Savoia; (*b*) Rex; (*c*) Roma

21. The flagship of Admiral David G. Farragut was the:
(*a*) Tecumseh; (*b*) Hartford; (*c*) Abraham Lincoln

22. The collier used by Captain Cook in his first voyage to the South Seas was the:
(*a*) Aberdeen; (*b*) Savant; (*c*) Endeavor

23. The winning yacht in the 1937 America's Cup races which defeated the *Endeavour II* was

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the:
(*a*) Volunteer; (*b*) Defender; (*c*) Ranger

24. The ice-resisting steam schooner commanded by Nansen in the Arctic and Amundsen in the Antarctic was the:
(*a*) William Shakespeare; (*b*) Pole Star; (*c*) Fram

25. In 1925 the United States submarine S-51 sank after a collision off Block Island with the steamer:
(*a*) City of Rome; (*b*) Avenger; (*c*) General Grant

26. The first British war vessel was the:
(*a*) Corona; (*b*) Queen Elizabeth; (*c*) Great Harry

27. Horatio Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar in 1805 was the:
(*a*) Victoria; (*b*) Victor; (*c*) Victory

28. The armored warship with turret and hull of iron that won the Battle of Hampton Roads in the American Civil War was the:
(*a*) Merrimac; (*b*) Larkspur; (*c*) Monitor

29. The flagship of Admiral Dewey's victorious squadron at Manila Bay was the:
(*a*) James Barton; (*b*) Olympia; (*c*) Captain Sigsbee

30. The steamer with $3,000,000 in gold, struck by an Alaskan iceberg and sunk, was the:
(*a*) Condor; (*b*) Hansa; (*c*) Islander

31. The world's largest ship, 981 feet long and weighing 83,400 tons is the:
(*a*) Bremen; (*b*) Normandie; (*c*) Berengaria

32. The British cruiser sent to the bottom of the sea by a German mine in 1916, in which Earl Kitchener lost his life, was the:
(*a*) Vanguard; (*b*) Laurentic; (*c*) Hampshire

33. The name of the only Drake ship to circumnavigate the world, originally called the *Pelican* was renamed the:
(*a*) Golden Hind; (*b*) Sir Francis Drake; (*c*) Inca

34. The United States ship that was destroyed with 309 on board by bombs placed in its engine room by German agents was the:
(*a*) Columbia; (*b*) Moldavia; (*c*) Cyclops

35. The Norwegian sloop to go first through the Northwest Passage was the:
(*a*) Gjöa; (*b*) St. Ansgar; (*c*) Olaf's Fjord

36. The recently scrapped ship formerly known as the German *Vaterland* was renamed the:
(*a*) Washington; (*b*) Leviathan;

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(*c*) Manhattan

37. The largest steamship afloat in 1859-1887 and used in laying cable was called the:
(*a*) Shelley; (*b*) Great Eastern; (*c*) Detroit

38. The White Star liner sunk by a German submarine during the World War was the:
(*a*) Corsair; (*b*) Valencia; (*c*) Arabic

39. Noah's Ark, an estimated 20,000-ton ship, rode the seas during the Biblical flood in the year:
(*a*) 4000 B.C.; (*b*) 4 B.C.; (*c*) 400 B.C.

40. The schooner officially known as the "Mother of the United States Navy" is the:
(*a*) John Glover; (*b*) Unity; (*c*) Hannah

41. An open Eskimo paddle-boat about thirty feet long by eight feet wide is called a:
(*a*) Trireme; (*b*) Umiak; (*c*) Dahabeah

42. In 1819, the first American steamboat to cross the Atlantic was the:
(*a*) Stephen Vail; (*b*) Savannah; (*c*) Ficket

43. A vessel employed in conveying troops or armaments is called a:
(*a*) Cutter; (*b*) Dreadnought; (*c*) Transport

44. The American gunboat that captured the first Spanish ship of the Spanish-American War was the:
(*a*) Winslow; (*b*) Admiral Sampson; (*c*) Nashville

45. The ship in which the Argonauts sailed was the:
(*a*) Argo; (*b*) Argus; (*c*) Argonne

46. The largest motor driven ship is the:
(*a*) Georgic; (*b*) Vulcania; (*c*) Augustus

47. The U.S.S. *Omaha* is classified as the following type of ship:
(*a*) Battleship; (*b*) Cruiser; (*c*) Submarine chaser

48. From Holland in 1624 there arrived at what is now New York City a boat that left eight settlers. The name of that ship was the:
(*a*) Nassau; (*b*) Newtown; (*c*) New Netherland

49. The first steamboat to ascend the Mississippi River was the:
(*a*) Virginia; (*b*) Fort Snelling; (*c*) New Orleans

50. In 1916 the United States was twice visited by a German submarine at Norfolk, Virginia, and New London, Connecticut. The name of the craft was the:
(*a*) Deutschland; (*b*) Emden; (*c*) U-20

—A. I. GREEN

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INVENTION OF THE AGE

STOBLEY WASN'T FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY TO SURPASS NATURE, BUT HE DID DRAW UP LEVEL WITH HER

WE WERE talking today in the Club on trivial topics, when Jorkens, the great traveler, who had told us at different times of so many of the wonders of Africa, related one of his most extraordinary experiences from somewhere no farther away than Cavendish Square.

What we had been talking of was inventions, a conversation originating, so far as I can remember, from some member grinding coffee into his soup from a pepper-mill. We had come from this point to much bigger inventions, when Jorkens said:

"The greatest inventions of all are always rejected. Swift flashes from brilliant minds, illumining matter too brightly for ordinary men to be able to bear to look at it. The great inventions dazzle them and they blindly let them go by."

"Well," said the first of us who was able to make any headway against the vehement energy with which Jorkens poured out his opinion, "what kind of great invention has ever not been accepted?"

"I'll tell you," said Jorkens. "There was a man who lived up at the end of Wigmore Street and he was a dentist; and, being a man of genius at the same time, he decided to put his genius into dentistry. And he made this astonishing invention.

"To begin with, he had noticed that people's front teeth varied a good deal, whereas all sets of false teeth are always the same. So that the first thing he decided to do was to make false teeth that looked like the real ones. A very simple idea. But when he got their shape right he began to get interested in their texture, and he hadn't been working three years when he achieved some astonishing realisms. His dentures were so like teeth that after a while they actually began to decay.

"Stobley was his name. I happen to know a good deal about him,

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because I went to Stobley myself and he supplied me with that very thing, a row of half a dozen new teeth. In a few years' time one or two of them began to decay; and I went to Stobley and he stopped them. And one day that I went I found Stobley very excited. He had been perfecting his teeth, in order to stop decay. You see they were so like ordinary teeth, that they decayed like them. And then one day Stobley had arrived at the conclusion that they decayed too easily, because they were dead; and that if he could make them more like live teeth, they would last much longer, as live teeth do."

"What do you mean by live teeth?" asked Terbut.

"I mean the ordinary difference," said Jorkens, "between a tooth that has had a nerve killed and one that is still healthy. The healthy ones keep much longer; and Stobley saw that the more he could make his teeth like to them, the better they would be likely to last. The supplying of a nervous system to each tooth was by far the most intricate part of his wonderful invention. And I believe he vivified them by some sort of electrical energy. Well, he gave me a row of his new teeth in place of the others, and fixed them in, and they were certainly wonderful teeth; they bit like real teeth, and they shone like them, and you certainly couldn't have told them from the ones that people grow, however closely you looked. And a few more years went by, and then one of them began to decay. I noticed it one night. And the morning after that I went round to Stobley and I said to him: 'You are the most wonderful scientist. Not only the most wonderful dentist, but the most wonderful scientist in the world.'

"And so he was.

"Stobley was smiling all over. He knew exactly what I had come about: two or three other patients had already told him the same thing. He knew that he had done it. No man can surpass Nature, and Stobley wasn't fool enough to try. But he knew that he had drawn up level with her. He knew that he had created natural teeth. And I saw that look you so seldom see on the face of any man, the look that comes from some supreme achievement in the work to which that man has devoted his life. And that was all the satisfaction he got from it.

"Do you think the public would support him? Do you think they cared anything for researches as profound as those of Marconi? Or for the invention that only one

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man achieved in all the ages? Not a bit of it. They went their own way, with their own teeth, till they rotted; and then with sets of false teeth, just the same as the next man's, all turned out by the million. They wouldn't touch Stobley's teeth, equal though they were, in even the minutest detail, to Nature's very own. It is the way of the world."

"But if Stobley's teeth were as good as all that," said Terbut, "why didn't people take to them?"

"They ached," said Jorkens.

—Lord Dunsany

ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 90-97

1. B is the better choice. A is too flat, too wide and too dominant in a negative way. B is of a much more harmonious width and, while its motif is not quite right, it fits in better with the painting than the broad flat surface of A.

2. B is a shadow box lined with dark velvet (a type of frame popular in France). A is a slightly receding moulding studded with "iridescent pearls." The question here is whether to accent the mystery or the opulence —depending on whether you consider Dali mysterious or opulent. You were correct in either case.

3. A is the better of the two frames. It has simplicity, without being oversimplified or made effeminate, and combines better with the tone and style of the painting. B is too complicated for this picture and is composed of elements in no way related to the painting.

4. B reaches the pure, unsullied extreme of ultimate distraction. Frames of this sort are so commonplace that we take them for granted—seemingly unaware of their bad inorganic ornamentation. A has dignity and character, but would win by default in any case.

5. A loses out here because its ornamented border and scalloped edge make it too busy and confusing for such a serene painting. In addition, it is too narrow and too dull and heavy in tone. B has a lightness of tone and delicacy which combine well with the painting, and its outline is more pleasing to the eye.

6. B is the better frame. Its wide margin between canvas and frame gives the painting more depth, whereas in A the frame is almost confused with the painting. Also, A is much too elaborate for the picture, which can support the somewhat ornate style of B but nothing quite so hectic as A.

7. B comes in second here because it confines the picture too severely and the decorative motif on the border distracts the eye from the painting. A avoids direct contrast with the painting and comes much closer to its feeling. The light tone of A gives space and depth to the painting and its simple treatment enhances the subject matter.

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THE INVISIBLE DESTROYER

ACCOUNT OF HOW A MEDICAL MILLENNIUM WAS POSTPONED, BUT PERHAPS NOT INDEFINITELY

CAN bacterial disease be banished from this earth? That's an important question, and while I cannot give you a final and conclusive affirmative answer, I can spread the cheering news that recently an important and fundamental step has been taken pointing toward this supreme achievement.

Phage may be the key which will unlock further discoveries . . . phage, the invisible destroyer . . . phage, which ranges in size from two to ninety billionths of a metre. If you lay side by side ten billion molecules of the largest phage ever photographed, you would find this invisible chain reaches no farther than three feet from end to end.

I have committed a seeming contradiction in suggesting that the invisible may be caught on a photographic negative. Every scientist knows such picturization is easily possible, under certain laboratory conditions. Of this, there will be more later.

We are concerned for the moment with the positive identification of this infinitesimal destroyer, recently proved beyond peradventure by two American biologists of the Rockefeller Institute and University of California . . . Doctors John Northrup and Albert Paul Kreuger by name. Unknown to the public at large, little known to scientific men other than those concerned with problems of biology and medicine, theirs is an unheralded discovery which may well take first ranking along with other fundamental findings of research.

Our story begins, not with Northrup and Kreuger, but on the battlefields of France. In early summer of 1915. From the front lines a steady outpouring of men, broken and torn by shrapnel and machine-gun bullets, slashed by bayonets and punctured by splattering fragments from grenades, weakened by dysentery, influenza,

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typhus, typhoid, pneumonia. Whole armies of men, sick and injured, passing through the hands of harassed doctors.

One of those doctors was Frederic William Twort, young, disillusioned, but struggling day and night with his British colleagues in what then seemed a vain effort to patch broken bones, cure disease-wracked bodies and return these men to the trenches.

Dark has fallen, and young Twort bends over his test tubes and vessels, many of which contain solutions of a pus-forming bacterium, later to be used in combating infection. Through the microscope, these bacteria appear round as a shiny, new penny. For several years, ever since early experience in medical school, Twort has watched these tiny bodies. Always they presented an unbroken, round appearance.

But behind the battle lines the bacteria begin to act differently. Now he comes across one that looks as though it had been engaged in a microscopic dog fight. A pie from which a slice has been eaten, or a circle with an arc strangely missing. Again and again, the young medical officer peers down at the broken circles.

Now to you or me, this strange phenomenon would mean much or little, depending upon our intimacy with biological facts and behavior and prior experience with such goings-on. Twort had seen nothing of this sort before being hurried to France for The Big Show, and so far as he knew no such breaking up of these bacteria ever had been recorded by medical researchers.

But he was thoroughly capable of drawing a logical deduction from the facts at hand. He called a co-worker to his bench, bade him look upon the scene of destruction. "Some invisible substance," Twort declared, "is preying on the bacteria." Something in the solutions was tearing at their vitals as a ravenous lion tears at a hunk of horse meat.

Under the press of battle duties, Twort could not pursue the question to its ultimate end, nor even press the search forward to its next step, whatever that might have revealed. Though busy with problems of seemingly more immediate value — making broken men whole — he did have the foresight to place a little of the solution wherein lurked a suspected killer upon some healthy cultures of bacteria. Later, when he inspected the cultures, he found the thriving micro-organisms of yesterday quite dead. Thus, al-

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though he could not see it, largely by accident he not only discovered the invisible killer, but also found it could be transferred from one germ culture to another without damaging its virulence.

But war gave no time for further experimentation, even though in the long run Twort's contribution here might far have exceeded the value of personal ministrations . . .

Two years elapse. D'Herelle, a French researcher, late one afternoon examined several solutions containing healthy, living bacilli. Next morning, on arrival at the Pasteur Institute for his daily duties, he was astounded to discover the solutions had turned clear over night. Where the night before myriads of germs had floated on the slide under his microscope, now not a trace of life remained.

For weeks, confounded by this strange phenomenon, D'Herelle searched with his powerful mike for what he, too, suspected would prove a potent ally to medicine in its eternal warfare on disease. His eyes burned and his back ached, but the long and tedious quest yielded only failure. He attempted to separate the ultra-microscopic bodies from the solutions by filtration. They passed easily through the pores of his white porcelain dishes and continued to live and kill other bacilli cultures.

"I shall call this mysterious substance bacteriophage," he told a friend, which in Americanese means, "bacteria-eater." "Although I cannot see it, have been unable to filter it out, do not know what it is, I have discovered a cure for all bacterial diseases," D'Herelle announced to the world.

Although vastly ignorant of the material with which he dealt, D'Herelle felt he had scrutinized the inscrutable sufficiently to reason that phage, as it came to be known, if delivered to inner recesses of the human mechanism via the blood stream, would attack and destroy any and all bacterial diseases. If injected in advance, he was sure phage would prevent development of these bodies.

D'Herelle's scientific shot was heard around the world. Laboratories everywhere became the scenes of intensive searches. More than a half-hundred varieties of the mysterious murderer were found. After a time it was found possible, by directing ultra-violet light down through an ultra-microscope, to take a set of revealing pictures of the killers in action.

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Soon science turned this tiny unseeable weapon, which D'Herelle thought was nothing more than masses of parasites, against blood poisoning, cholera, dysentery, boils and other diseases. But the supposed specific did not produce cures. Some types of bacteria yielded in the test tube, but flourished in the presence of phage in the human body. Some seemed to develop an immunity.

D'Herelle visited the Orient, hoping to wipe out bubonic plague and Asiatic cholera. He poured phage on open wounds, made patients drink it, injected it into their veins. But the stuff failed to deliver telling blows, and scientists, disillusioned, turned from efforts to effect cures back to a fundamental.

"What," they asked, "is phage? Is it living or dead? What is its chemical composition?"

The Frenchman supplied a plausible answer. He dilated upon his theory that parasites constituted the mysterious substance, that they bored through the membrane surrounding the individual bacterium, propagated themselves, consumed the insides, and burst out finally to seek other hosts. Many were inclined to agree, but rebellion was brewing.

Among the rebels was young Kreuger. This budding authority, having found by his own experiments that the therapeutic value of phage was uncertain, and knowing that signs of life had never been detected in the stuff, felt free to form his own conclusions. Nine years ago Kreuger and his then-more-famous superior, Northrup, set out to find some answers.

Their first problem was to determine how phage propagates itself. They found early that as bacteria in a solution increase, the amount of phage likewise increases. But the phage was growing more rapidly than the bacteria, and at a certain point began to overpower its victims by sheer force of numbers.

This single fact showed that the production of phage was linked somehow with the growth and not the death of bacteria, that it could not undertake its work of destruction until it attained an adequate numerical superiority over the germs, that D'Herelle was dead wrong in his assumptions.

With these findings, the work of Northrup and Kreuger rested until 1931, when Kreuger moved west and at the University of California took up new work as associate professor of bacteriology. Still puzzled, he set about anew

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to solve this baffling riddle.

He tried poisoning phage with mercury. The invisible destroyer became lifeless, utterly incapable of being aroused to action.

He removed the mercury, and the phage once more exhibited its power to eat bacteria.

Here was something! "Certainly," he deduced, "phage cannot be living, because living organisms, once killed by poison or any other means, cannot come back to life." He was now certain he was dealing with a protein having properties of an enzyme.

Substantiation came from the other side of the continent. Northrup, bending intently over an ultra-centrifuge at the station of the Rockefeller Institute, sent several cultures of bacteria whirling at incredible speeds. After a few trials, he succeeded in separating bacteriophage from the germs. A new day had dawned. For the first time, phage was isolated . . . a solid, colorless protein.

D'Herelle's theory was thus smashed, completely and irrevocably.

There remained now only part of the original conception of phage to test. Was bacteria needed to induce its growth?

Kreuger thought through another experiment. The germs, by their regular life processes, must secrete some substance which stimulates the growth of phage. Having destroyed the bacteria, the phage continues to "feed" on this substance, which science calls a precursor. Could this be true? The answer lay in trial.

He filtered the precursor from a bacterial solution. He added phage to the precursor. He found more and more phage was being produced. He learned at last that bacteria produce a growth-stimulating substance, that phage was growing quite independent of the germs themselves.

Twenty-two years had fled since Twort first chanced upon the broken circles, but at last the true character of bacteriophage stood revealed. It is a simple virus.

D'Herelle's hopes for a universal specific are dashed, but the future may bring solution, with phage, of the more complex viruses. Here may lie the beginnings of remedies for the dread poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, and encephalitis, both virus diseases. Kreuger proved (negatively) that the Frenchman held no panacea for bacterial diseases, but (positively) that he did lift science one rung toward fulfillment of that objective, albeit along a different route. —ANDREW R. BOONE

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HONOR WITHOUT VICTORY

DO THE CAREERS OF DEFEATED MEN PROVE THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST IN HISTORY'S RECKONING?

IN THE chapter in *Henry Esmond* on Joseph Addison's triumphant encomium "Campaign" which saluted the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, Thackeray puts these words into the mouth of the poet: "One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and subjugates fortune. In being victorious, I fancy, there is something divine."

While temporarily the victor may thus seem supreme, history apparently nods toward the conquered as those more often illuminated with the most exalted nobility. Marlborough himself was almost alone among the great captains in that he never lost a battle, yet Napoleon, who is always associated with Waterloo though still overshadowing his conqueror, Wellington, does not even include the victor of Blenheim among his masters of the art of war; Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene and Frederick. Neither, for that matter, did he include Scipio, who defeated Hannibal at Zama in the only battle of history where one great captain defeated another decisively. Zama gave the world to Rome. But Scipio is lost in the archives of history in comparison to the defeated Hannibal. It is recorded that he died in exile, scuttled by politicians behind his back, led by Cato, in some insignificant scandal over tribute.

Nearer our own times Grant is seldom mentioned in the same bracket with Lee, Pickett's fame equals Sherman's, and few expect Foch to stand in history beside Hindenburg. Some militarists rank Hindenburg's feat in bringing back the German troops from the western front after the Armistice as the greatest single soldierly feat of the War.

Wilson, like Lincoln and Jef-

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ferson and many others before him, was merely another of the victims of the end of a successful war. Before the War was over, the leaders of the Allies were ready enough and willing enough to "go along" with his fourteen points, which did as much to break the power of Germany as any commander. But the instant the cataclysm was terminated, all these immediately reverted to the type of primitive reasoning in which "to the victors belong the spoils."

On his arrival in Paris, this "Scottish peasant" was hailed as the savior of Europe. The brother of Georges Clemenceau, who more than anyone else ruined Wilson's program, said that "no man since Jesus so filled the hopes of European mankind."

But, surrounded by "realists" both at home and abroad, Wilson was cut to pieces. Even his own party leaders were opposed to him, and "the beasts at Ephesus" tore him to shreds. Because of the hard terms, the Germans called him a hypocrite. Thus the Messianic catastrophe of the champion of democracy stands as one of the greatest tragedies of history. He went to Europe the idol of common people and returned home "literally without friends." But he still had his ideals. "Ideas live," he said. "Men die. No good cause is ever lost."

And whenever in the near or distant future the Great War comes up for consideration, even though he was a vanquished among the victors, or perhaps because of that, there will be no name ranking ahead of that of Wilson.

Similarly time unquestionably will see a growing luminosity for another great defeated, now still too thickly surrounded by the dust of conflict to stand out clearly in his true proportion. That was Stresemann, the son of the typical middle-class beer brewer, who became the personification of the old German imperialism as "Ludendorff's young man"; crashed with the military collapse and yet rose to power in the hour of Germany's greatest need, learning from experience, and eventually as Foreign Minister of the Weimar Republic, negotiated the Locarno Treaties and brought Germany into the League of Nations.

In politics he was an artist. Inclined to be earnest, melancholic introspective in youth, he knew literature and loved fine poetry. In debate "he was winged with music." He was the pride of the middle class, typical of the old peaceful Rhineland of gay tav-

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erns, contentment of song. A great man because he was representative of a great people. Like them, he was defeated, but of him it has been said that "he was Germany." And that was of the Germany that was the best.

Keats, than whom no one has written better to this day, died early of disappointment over unfavorable reviews of his work. "I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats," Byron wrote to Shelley. "Is it actually true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Poor fellow. I read the review of 'Endymion' in the *Quarterly*. It was severe—but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals upon others. But in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate on his powers of resistance before he goes into the arena."

Of Browning it was said that whatever he was he wasn't a poet. Of Ibsen it was said in his time that whatever he was he wasn't a dramatist. Of Wagner it was said that whatever he was he wasn't a musician. For twenty years the latter was pursued by every sort of enmity and derision. He existed by hack work, suffered banishment, and was almost continually in despair over finances. His early work was violently attacked, and generally his music was tabbed as incomprehensible or obnoxious. Nietzsche attacked him as a decadent, and Mark Twain afterwards characteristically observed that his music "isn't as bad as it sounds."

Wagner merely suffered the usual fate of any original creative genius. Vanquished in his own personal life, his great work moved on forward to triumph.

It is the same in all fields of constructive effort. Pasteur was humiliated by the Academy. Lavoisier was guillotined by a republic that "had no need of chemists." Priestley, who discovered oxygen, was driven from his sacked and devastated home. Leblanc, after giving the world cheap alkali, died in a French poorhouse.

It was Heinrich Heine who wanted to know "what is the fundamental reason for the curse which falls upon all men of great genius? Why does the lightning of unhappiness strike most often the lofty spirits, the towers of humanity, while it so compassionately spares the humble thatched roofs of mediocrity?"

Is it perhaps the immutable law of compensation ever at work "evening up" the chance and destinies of all men?—RALPH CANNON

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WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK UP?

WHEREIN JOHN LOG MAKES HIS SECOND AND FINAL TRIP TO THE CONVERSATION CLINIC

IN LAST month's Coronet I set forth a behind-the-scenes story of John Log. John, you remember, was told off by his wife when he let the family down as a conversationalist. Instead of lecturing him in pithy but general terms (Mrs. Log took care of *that*), we started him out on a routine, a discipline —a series of exercises designed to make a good talker of him.

He was to compel his lazy self to pick a conversation with his wife at breakfast instead of sinking automatically into the morning paper. He was to find something to say to the newsboy or the station agent and to the elevator boy —something that would interest *them*. In addition he was to let no day go by, in this apprenticeship of his, without shopping for one good idea to bring up at the dinner table.

The advice was based on sound theory—that the secret of a good talker lies back of his talk. It lies in his mind. The man people like to have around is the man who finds life interesting—life in all its colorful, ironic, tragic, whimsical, and instructive details. And not only the details but their implications—what they bring up, what they suggest, what they lead to in an imaginative intelligence.

Part of the secret is that no one can prepare for or "get up" a conversation. That has to happen long before the hello's are uttered —months, maybe years, before. We carry our pasts with us into the social circle, into the talk. If the past has been dull, thoughtless, unobservant, the conversation will be equally stuffy.

The hopeful conclusion was that if we can't change the past, we *can* change the present.

It was laid down that to be a good talker requires a minimum of trouble by way of self-education —a few random minutes scattered through the day, plus a solid half-hour in the evening. (Less time than it takes to learn the bassoon.)

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Last month we disposed of the "random minutes scattered through the day." We address ourselves to the evening's solid half-hour.

* * *

For this purpose a man (or a woman) must have a room of his own, or improvise one. Privacy is essential. There is always the bedroom, or if the situation is desperate, the bathroom. This "conversation course" is no one's business but the learner's. Some minutes after dinner John can get up from the evening paper, stretch, and retire. If his wife looks up from *Gone with the Wind* or the knitting with "What's up, John?" (after all he's disrupting the family routine) he can say, "I want to be private for half an hour. Got to get up a report for the directors." After all it's a very white lie.

The materials consist of two or three sharp pencils and some yellow second-sheets or a cheap notebook. If there is a typewriter, so much the better. John sits down and thinks. He must write for half an hour, more or less, this evening and for at least fourteen evenings more, on something, anything, that has happened to him that day, or on any experience occurring in the past; or on something he has felt, or seen, or thought.

He must do this rapidly, giving no thought to grammar, punctuation, or vocabulary. The idea is to take a mental inventory of something that seems to be interesting, and to take that inventory thoroughly and quickly.

He must not re-read what he has written, but put it away, lock it up. The next day he does another stint, and adds it to the pile.

John—such is the sentence of the professor—must embark on a careless, random diary. Not one of those diaries that notes whom he met that day, what shares he bought or sold, what he had for lunch, what the weather was like—dull, factual stuff—but experiences, opinions, reactions.

At the end of fifteen such bouts with himself, John should have at least 10,000 words. He probably will not be able to sell them to a publishing house. He isn't writing them for anyone's eye—not even for his own. He is writing in order to change the bent, the direction, the inclination of his mind. He is writing in order to give his mind the habit of expression. Before the mind can express it has to find a fragment of a thought, then another fragment and another, and to put these together—assemble or co-ordinate them. The result is an idea, a picture, a truth.

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The run-of-the-mill mind is geared more to taking things in than to giving them out. We read. We listen to the electric box. We blink at the movies. The world is organized to tell us and not to be told. It seems to be organized to make it difficult for the individual to create on his own hook. Everything is ready-made—why bother? The world is so full of these handy gadgets for passing the time, that the conversational muscles (remember they're mental more than purely vocal) become weak or atrophied from under-use.

All very well, says John with three sharp pencils on the desk and a lot of clean paper. Write about something, anything—but I can't think of a thing!

That's natural. Give a person anything to write about or talk about and he's lost. Life is so full of a number of things that we can't see the forest for the trees.

Every man moves in his own world, no two worlds being anywhere near alike. No "topics" can be laid down. Remembering this, here are a few hints:

1. What do you think about the men at the office, at the club? If you had to make a confidential report on their characters or personalities for the Archangel Gabriel, how would you sum them up, allowing a concise paragraph to each?

2. Similarly, size up your family, particularly the uncles, cousins, brothers-in-law.

3. What interesting observations can you make of a lifetime of dining out? What have you noticed about waitresses? What's your notion of an ideal eating place? What experience of bad ones have you had? What about night clubs, cocktail bars?

4. Suppose you had to write an autobiography, how would you begin it? How would you end it? Can you find a theme in your life so far—some general direction in spite of all the detours, a string for the beads? Consider the autobiographies you may have read, such as Lincoln Steffens' or Henry Adams'—each is organized around an idea—the idea that shaped the important part of those men's lives. What, if any, was the turning point in your life?

5. In line with this, go back in your mind and recall your childhood or youth. Dime novels—any Jack Harkaway, Frank Merriwell, G. A. Henty? What can you remember of the gang, the hideouts, the games, the secret language? Your own children, if any—how does their world and background compare with yours back then?

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These examples could go on indefinitely, but if the point isn't made by this time it never will be. This prescription is not theoretical. It has been successfully tried in a number of cases. What usually happens, without urging, is that the necessity for finding something to write about leads John Log to look for subject matter during the day. One man I know fairly ran amuck with ideas—he had more than he could possibly write, and he began to get highly critical of the daily columnists on the newspapers in his town: maintained that he had more interesting ideas than they did.

On his own initiative, and still on the hunt for interesting things to write about aside from recollections that could be dragged out of his past, he did the following jobs:

1. Analyzed in detail several short stories (having first studied a textbook), looking for the bottom conflict, how suspense was built up and maintained, how character was developed, how the scene was described or introduced or suggested, and how the dialogue was managed. Asked what good he thought that did, he answered that up to his first analysis he had read thousands of stories the way a cat lapped milk, but now he had a sense of critical power over his fictional reading.

2. Went to the public library one evening a week to look over the magazines that most people passed by—the trade and special publications, such as the *Food Field Reporter*, *Iron Age*, *Machinists Journal*, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, *Asiatic Review*, *South Pacific Mail*, *Personnel Management*. He was amazed at the amount of interesting material in these periodicals that never got into general print.

3. As often as he could find time for it he went, with or without wife, to some part of town or to some gathering that was totally new to him. He went to the river wards, spent an afternoon with an old codger on a houseboat, spent another afternoon at a police station, put in a few mornings at the civil and criminal courts, sampled all the foreign restaurants in town, lunched with the Civil Liberties Union crowd and got an earful on police third-degree, visited the old grade-school of his boyhood and sat in on a couple of classes, attended conventions of magicians, Townsendites, farmers, and anthropologists, and made a tour of the dog pound.

4. Electrified by reading Upton Sinclair's *The Brass Check* and *I, Candidate for Governor and How I Got*

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Licked, he bought every local newspaper for a week and made a comparative study of them, aided by a local muckraking parson whom he had met on one of his slumming tours.

I like to think of this man, whom I will call Jerome Hopkins, because when he comes to my mind it makes me feel a little better about the human race. He came up to me after I had given a talk at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, drawn by some criticism I had made of *Time* magazine. Long after the others had gone and the waiters were knocking the tables apart we talked. Some days later he telephoned and asked me to lunch with him. After a few hems and haws he came to the point—he was a successful banker and a social failure.

I set him the tasks I have been laying out for John Log—they had already had some success. But Banker Hopkins, a man with a bad sense of inferiority away from his desk, set a new high in my experience. Instructions were only springboards to him; he carried the message to Garcia and was back for more.

As soon as he had a hint, he went out and remade that part of his life that he saw had been neglected. He realized that before he could become an interesting social person he had to have something to contribute to the common stock. That banker's shop-talk and miscellaneous platitudes did not make the grade, he saw in the eyes of his friends.

Taking advice, he wrote out a program, and followed it. At the end of the fifteen-day period he still kept going. When I saw him last, he and I celebrated the 200th "issue" of his diary. It had become a hobby of his, and he maintained that he was going to keep it to the end of his days. "It has not only done the trick of stirring up my sluggish mind," he said, "but it has become the central point of my re-education. It's my mental clearing-house, if you'll excuse the banker's figure. It's intellectual GHQ. And I may not be a conversational paragon, but I no longer see that far-off look in the eyes of the people I talk to.

"In fact," he confided, "the greatest triumph of all is that my boy and my girl, college kids, seem to enjoy discussing things with me. My girl was saying to me the other day: 'Dad, you know more things than any of my college profs.'"

And as one professor to a superprofessor, we had a drink on that.

—Alison Aylesworth

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A NOTE ON VICTOR HERBERT

THE NEXT TIME YOU HEAR HIS CAPTIVATING MELODIES, THINK OF HIM AS HE REALLY WAS

"DEAR old Victor"—mumbled with a sentimental sigh and an affectionate nod of the head—is the usual prelude to a long afternoon of reminiscence about Broadway's most beloved musical figure. Some of his cronies still pass the time of day around the darker corners of Manhattan's Lambs' or Friars' Clubs.

"Victor was the life of the party," they will tell you. "That time we took him into the Rubato Club and presented him with a loving cup in the shape of a chamber pot, it was just like him to drink champagne out of it. What a man he was!"

It will take considerable persuasion, and only after much heming and haw-ing will any of Herbert's friends admit that he was more than ordinarily vain, that he always wanted to see his name in big letters and loved to show off when others could see him. The old violinist who organized a quartet with him—the Schmidt-Herbert Quartet—claimed that Herbert's vanity wrecked everything. Though only the tail, the 'cellist, he wanted to wag the quartet, and had his manager send out circulars calling it the *Herbert*-Schmidt Quartet. Later, during the six years he conducted the Pittsburgh Symphony, he had letterheads printed: VICTOR HERBERT'S PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA. He repeated when he took over Gilmore's Band, calling it: VICTOR HERBERT'S TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT BAND.

As befitted an Irishman, he loved a parade, took enormous pride in marching in front of his men, his head high. He would beam at the crowds and on every possible occasion would take the place of the drum major. Now and then he would dress his little son in a miniature uniform and have him march, too. He was thrilled when the bandsmen gathered in front of his house on his birthday and all the neighbors saw that it

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was he who was being serenaded.

According to Joseph Kaye, who wrote his biography, Herbert was easily flattered and expanded beatifically if any street urchin recognized him. He loved display and had the best money could buy. He lived in the first sound-proofed studio in New York and decorated it in green from reception-hall to top floor. Someone said that, as you went up, it seemed to get "greener and greener" until you reached the composer himself. His working suit was of the best green tweed and he often matched it with a green tie. If he went out in the afternoon, it was in top hat, tails and striped trousers. His town car was loud and luxurious. On Lake Placid, where he spent the summers, he had the fastest speedboat. He was reckless with his money and spent like a prince. He felt like one.

When he came into the theatre for a rehearsal, it was the custom for everybody—chorus, stagehands and all—to stop what they were doing, rise, and applaud. There were no B flats played for B naturals when he was around. He knew what he wanted and how to get it. After all, he had had a thorough training in Germany and an apprenticeship under Anton Seidl. He knew his flats and sharps.

In spite of his showiness and his bombast, everybody liked him. He was generous, if flattered, and had a real love for his men. Once during a tour of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, they struck a convention town and there were no rooms. When Herbert saw the men doubled up in chairs in the lobby, he invited them to bunk with him and they divided the beds, the floor and the table—he taking only his allotted six feet of space along with the rest. Another time, he saw a chorus man drop out at rehearsal. "What's the matter with him?" he yelled.

"He's hungry," someone told him.

In a jiffy Herbert was off after the fellow, pushing a twenty-dollar bill into his hand and clapping him on the back: "Go out and eat your head off. Have a drink on me, too—five or six of them, if you like. What the hell!"

He seldom got hungry himself, as he hired a man especially to keep a basket filled with food and Pilsener beer. He ate whenever he felt like it and oftener—for good measure.

★ ★ ★

Like every artist, Herbert aspired to be master of the more serious musical forms. He was hurt by criticisms which labeled

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him only a musical comedy composer. He persistently rationalized his position:

> It is very hard to be patient with musical hypocrites who affect to see nothing good in any music that is not serious. The German has no false pride, no superciliousness about his light operas. He recognizes them as a necessity and patronizes them with the same sincerity which he would give to a symphony concert.
>
> More people attend performances of light opera than all of those who attend grand opera and high-class concerts. That time has passed when intelligent persons are content with a work of which they must say: "Yes, it's beautiful but I don't understand it." Personally, I hold that what is not popular is not of much benefit to the world.

From the beginning, Victor Herbert wanted to make money. He knew that his music was popular. He was determined to have his share and he did. In fact, as much as any other man, he brought about a system of royalties whereby writers of popular music need never again live in garrets.

It happened that when he was dining in Shanley's Times Square Restaurant he heard the orchestra play his song, *Sweethearts*. As he had not given permission for its use, he sued the restaurant for damages, to establish a principle. ASCAP, the society he had fathered, supported his suit, and the restaurant and theatrical interests joined on the Shanley side. The case went before the United States Supreme Court, where Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the decision settling the matter in favor of the song-writers.

The "doctrine of performing rights" was established: simply by buying a sheet of music, a person did not acquire the right to perform the piece in public for profit. The Motion Picture Exhibitors, the American Federation of Musicians, attacked the decision, but the composer retained his rights and henceforth radio and movies brought him a new and larger income.

Victor Herbert enjoyed one last splurge of glory when he headed a committee to Washington, saw the President, played *A Kiss in the Dark* on his 'cello for the National Press Club, and testified against all those who wanted to use copyright music without compensation. At that time his star was waning. Jazz had reared its ugly head. The whole country started dancing. The revue replaced the old-fashioned operetta with its ballads and choruses and romantic plots. Men who could not even put down on paper what was published under their names now became celebrated as composers. With all this, Victor Herbert would have nothing to do. He realized at last that he had lived beyond his time. Public taste had changed

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and left him a solitary figure from the past.

★ ★ ★

He set the fashion in American music in the era of tiger rugs, fake ornamental weapons and the potted palm, which then represented the ultimate in splendor and continental wickedness. He was the rage when automobiles were rated according to the brightness of their paint and the glitter of their nickel. He was one of that famous band of Bohemians who gathered nightly around Union Square—O'Henry's Bagdad-on-the-Subway. He was a personage when Belasco ruled the legitimate stage and Ziegfeld set the standard of musical entertainment.

And, in what he did well, he was very great. He wrote tunes that for their purpose have seldom been surpassed. He may have shown little discrimination in choosing his librettos and lyrics: he set *Throwing the Bull*, *Upsi-Daisy*, *Sow Your Wild Oats Early*, *I Love Mazuma* and other choice bits of Americana. He did rely too heavily on his belief that any melody he wrote would "come out OK" after he orchestrated it . . . that no matter what libretto he took, his finales would save it.

In the work of a man whose efforts ranged from grand opera to a musical comedy on the cartoon-series *Little Nemo* and a march for the Dodge Motor Car Company, considerable unevenness is expected. Nevertheless, Victor Herbert was master of his medium. His biography is the history of operetta and light opera in America. *Babes in Toyland*, *Naughty Marietta* and *Sweethearts* are unrivaled, and they are the nearest approach to Offenbach, Lehar and Johann Strauss that the American theatre as yet attained.

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 107-110

1. B	11. C	21. B	31. B	41. B
2. A	12. A	22. C	32. C	42. B
3. A	13. B	23. C	33. A	43. C
4. C	14. C	24. C	34. C	44. C
5. B	15. B	25. A	35. A	45. A
6. A	16. A	26. C	36. B	46. C
7. C	17. C	27. C	37. B	47. B
8. B	18. A	28. C	38. C	48. C
9. A	19. B	29. B	39. A	49. A
10. A	20. B	30. C	40. C	50. A

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IN HOC SIGNO

STILL MEMORABLE IS THE INFINITE COURAGE OF FATHER JOGUES, SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

FIREWATER and firearms were not the only trailblazers in the New World. The Cross, as the symbol of Western civilization, borne high by self-denying French missionaries, laid the foundation of empire in the St.Lawrence and Mississippi River Valleys long before the Atlantic seaboard was invested by the English. As the historian Francis Parkman put it, "Spanish civilization crushed the Indian; English civilization scorned and neglected him; French civilization embraced and cherished him." Among the most unselfish of the ambassadors of peace and faith who gave their lives to the apostolic work in Canada was Isaac Jogues, Jesuit priest of invincible courage, whose experiences as an Indian captive rival any tale of horror ever told.

Father Jogues was born in Orleans, France, on January 10, 1607. He was baptized Isaac, a prophetic name, in view of the fact that he would one day be a sacrifice for his faith in a new hemisphere. When he was ten years old, Isaac was entered into the new Jesuit College at Orleans. Seven years later he was admitted as an initiate of the Society of Jesus—the Jesuits as they are popularly known—at Rouen.

The youth's character, his sensitivity and zeal in his studies and his general fortitude marked him for a religious career of promise. At La Fleche, where he later studied philosophy, Menard, Dumarche, Delaplace, Quentin and Adam, all later to participate in the promotion of their faith in Canada, were his colleagues. But at this time young Jogues was fired with the thought of going to Ethiopia on mission labors.

However, in 1629, when he was assigned to teach at the College of Rouen, he met Father Charles Lalemant and Father Brébeuf, both of whom had recently returned from the New World. Jogues became acquainted with them and

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listened eagerly as they told of the red tribes of America.

When Isaac Jogues was twenty-five years old his superiors took him from his teaching and sent him to Paris to continue his studies at Clermont College. Not until 1636 was he ordained to the priesthood; in the same year, by virtue of the qualities which he had long displayed as a student and teacher, he was selected to join the missions in Canada.

★ ★ ★

In 1524 Verrazano, a Florentine navigator, had made a voyage into the New World for Francis I and had cruised along the eastern seaboard of North America; upon his expedition France made her initial claim to a portion of the Americas. Ten years later Cartier explored the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River and sometime later cruised as far as the present site of Montreal. When the French did establish a colony in what later became Canada they were in 1628 surprised by the English and expelled.

However, when they re-established themselves, it was Champlain who, by his discoveries and explorations, laid the basis for "New France," an empire comprising the lands drained by the St. Lawrence and Mississippi River systems. It was also Champlain who, in his zeal to help his allies, the Algonquins, made for the French implacable enemies of the Iroquois nations.

When Father Jogues arrived in New France in July of 1636 a chain of six tiny mission stations was already established along the thousand-mile front from Cape Breton to Lake Huron. To work among the Huron tribes numbering at that time some 20,000 Indians, the Huron Mission had been established. On the 24th of August, 1636, Jogues was sent out from Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence on his first assignment to the Huron Mission.

With his companions the young priest traveled in a frail birch canoe in which he had to sit barefoot in an uncomfortable position and hardly stir, so great was the danger of capsizing. His food was a little Indian corn, crushed between stones and boiled in water without salt. On the journey he slept either on the ground or on some shelf of rocks. Since he could not talk Huron and his guides could not talk French, silence was maintained perforce. After nineteen days of arduous travel the party reached Ihonatiria near the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron where five priests were already

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established. Here Father Jogues was first initiated into the hardships and privations of the Canadian missionary's life.

A week after his arrival the young priest fell ill and nearly died from some mysterious disease. When he finally recovered he began to study the language of the Hurons as the first step toward winning the Indians' confidence. But the fathers never forgot the purpose for which they had come: they taught the catechism and simple prayers and baptized converts.

When disease came to the tribes they fought it as well as they could. In contrast to the local medicine men's barbaric ways of driving devils out of the sick the few remedies and the many prayers which the priests offered secured surprising results; and as they succeeded in driving out the scourge they succeeded in introducing the tenets of Christian faith. Indeed, Indians from other villages were soon asking for the fathers to come and help them.

Always in the background, however, was the danger from the Iroquois, most savage perhaps of all the American Indian nations and, as noted before, the bitter enemies of the Algonquins, and incidentally of the French. Furthermore, many of them, from trading with the Dutch, now owned arquebuses.

★ ★ ★

In 1639 the Residence of St. Mary had been established not far from Ihonatiria as a central mission for the Huron country. On September 17, 1641 Father Jogues, who spoke Huron now, and Father Raymbault, who spoke Algonquin, were sent to Sault Sainte Marie at the head of Lake Superior. In canoes the two priests made a two-hundred-fifty-mile voyage across Lake Huron to meet some two thousand Indians, assembled to catch whitefish at Sault Sainte Marie, and to plant in these Indians the seeds for a future mission in that country. The fathers managed to return to St. Mary's before the winter came.

To placate the Iroquois, whom the Jesuits recognized as a dangerous obstacle to all their plans, the French attempted to treat with them. However, in this direction nothing was gained because the Iroquois had no intention of giving up their hereditary feud with the Algonquin peoples.

Now in 1642 Father Jogues left St. Mary for Quebec to get supplies for the Huron Mission. He lingered only a short time in Quebec and then started on his

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return journey. Near the islands in the Lake of St. Peter on the St. Lawrence River, Iroquois canoes bore down upon the party. In a short fight the French and the Hurons were overpowered and Father Jogues and his companions were taken prisoners.

At this point begins a story which has rarely been equalled in all the bloody history of persecutions and tortures.

The prisoners were taken in a southerly direction toward the Mohawk country. At every village they were compelled to run the gauntlet, that is, to run between two files of Indians armed with sticks and clubs and whips, a kind of diabolical reception reserved for prisoners. At night they were spreadeagled on the ground and bound hand and foot. They were unable to stir, their wounds were left unattended and became putrid, vermin attacked them on all sides.

In addition, they suffered unmerciful beatings. They had their nails torn out of their fingers and Father Jogues had several joints of his fingers chewed off by the savage captors. In one village they deliberately sawed off his left thumb. Besides, his old wounds were constantly lacerated to make them pain and bleed afresh and the hairs of his head and beard were pulled out.

In every way as cruel as their elders were the Indian children, who were encouraged to torment the prisoners by sticking awls into their bodies and by throwing hot coals and cinders on them.

Through all these fiendish tortures Jogues conducted himself as bravely as he could, always alert to baptize the dying and forever conscious that only by an example of his own fortitude could he hope to win these savages to an appreciation of the creed which he represented.

When the Iroquois had tired of their sport they divided the prisoners among themselves. Jogues was given to several families as a servant and was assigned the task of cutting wood for the fires, a chore ordinarily the Indian woman's.

From August, 1642 until March of 1643 the priest, miraculously triumphing over his wounds and the daily tortures devised for him, lived among the Mohawks. Faith in his mission and an indomitable will kept his mind whole as he was forced to witness tortures inflicted on other captives. As soon as he could he went about his missionary work among his masters as though oblivious to his

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exceptionally dangerous position.

In the spring his captors took him east on one of their trips into the country of the Dutch, who then ruled what was later to become the New York area. By aid of the Dutch commandant at Rensselaerswyck, later Albany, and with the help of a Protestant minister, Jan Megapolensis, an escape was planned. To appease the Mohawks, who charged them with complicity, the Dutch paid a ransom of three hundred livres and even then had to keep the priest in hiding for six weeks.

At last, however, he was put on a Dutch vessel and was shipped down the Hudson and out across the ocean. He arrived at the Jesuit College in Rennes on January 5, 1644. So great a change had his cruel experiences wrought in him that his Superior did not recognize him when he appeared.

But he did not remain long in France. In recognition of his services, his church granted him a special dispensation to perform the Mass, otherwise canonically impossible because of the mutilations which the Iroquois had inflicted. Then he took ship for New France again, eager to continue his work.

In the meantime the Mohawks had come to Three Rivers and had made their own peace with the French. To ratify the treaty and to found a mission among them—to be appropriately titled "The Mission of the Martyrs"—Jogues was chosen to go into the Iroquois country.

He was successful on the first trip to ratify the treaty. But when, in October of 1646, he returned to the Iroquois country to winter among the savages, he found them hostile toward him. While the cooler heads among the Indians advised caution, others, notably of the Bear clan of the Mohawks, were irate with him because of his escape from their hands two years before.

Soon Jogues was taken prisoner and the tortures began again, although some of the Mohawks protested in his favor. Then on the evening of October 18, 1646, he was treacherously struck down and beheaded. His head was impaled on the palisade of the town.

So died Isaac Jogues. Other soldiers of the Cross perhaps accomplished more with their labors. It is, however, difficult to see how any could have displayed greater courage in the face of pitiless foes or could have been more devoted to the purpose of his faith and his mission.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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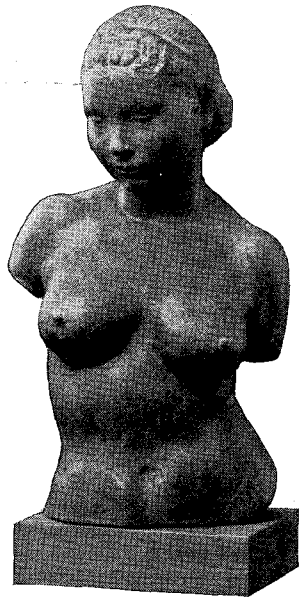

CARICATURES IN BRONZE

By Dorothea Greenbaum

MRS. GREENBAUM's sculpture has the quality of anecdotes recollected in tranquillity and embroidered in the retelling over the teacups. Her work is pleasant, entertaining. When she is sweet she is very very sweet, as in *Figure*, reproduced above. And even when she means to do a biting caricature, as in the five pieces on the following pages, she is eminently well-bred. The chink in her technical armor is that she has not quite made the complete transition from painting: she barely achieves the third dimension in her sculpture. But for all that, she makes it more than ordinarily interesting to follow the gaze of her penetrating eye as it fixes here and there on a curiously populated world.

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WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

FASCIST

Anyone can see that the artist does not regard this thick-lipped, bejowled and beady-eyed swine with friendly regard, and yet there is enough restraint in the piece to keep it from going overboard and losing its whole point. This sculptural attack on *Fascist* resolved itself into a problem of fleshy jowls depending from a bony skull, nicely solved from a plastic standpoint aside from the ideological symbolism. The artist is sufficiently fond of *Fascist*, sculpturally, to be working on a stone treatment of him in semi-heroic proportions.

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TIRED SHOPPER

This may be taken as the most typical specimen of Mrs. Greenbaum's sculpture. It bespeaks first of all the influence of her teacher in painting, Kenneth Hayes Miller. It is a statement in the round of his plastic credo with reference to painting and it follows his practice of drawing upon the life of the streets for the materials of art. The treatment is obviously well-bred and feminine. Only a woman sculptor could dwell with such marked affection upon the decorative detail defining both the subject and the artist's attitude.

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PAN

One day, thumbing through a textbook, Mrs. Greenbaum came across a drawing illustrating the proper way of holding the clarinet. The sculptress was struck by the humor implicit in the drawing—the bald head and the fat stomach, the tenderly cared for little beard. She thought of shaggy, erotic Pan, ancestor of clarinet players, and then went to work on a translation into sculpture of the ironic mental image the drawing churned up. This is caricature, but of such gentility that only the title makes the caricatural intention plain.

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BIG BUSINESS

Mrs. Greenbaum met Big Business, in the flesh, at a public dinner and after awhile became fascinated by the way in which the cigar, dislocating the mouth, threw the face out of symmetry. She spent the evening making sketches of this dislocation, ultimately producing her most forceful and pungent caricature. Whether or not the sculptress meant to make a preachment out of this work, however, it seems to represent one woman's conception of a certain type of individual more than any generalized statement of a broad social attitude.

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STYLISH

Mrs. Greenbaum has the blood of a matchmaker. She finished *Big Business* and then set about finding a wife for him. Four times the sculptress tried to shape clay into the image of Mrs. Big Business. Finally she hit upon the specimen reproduced above, a well cared for woman but full of foibles and overlarded with that special sort of smugness we all recognize at sight. Yet Mrs. Greenbaum just couldn't be mean, for whatever vitriol she had intended to put into this work is happily negated by its redeeming quality of indulgence.

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STREET SHOW

TURNING AN ADMIRING SIDE GLANCE FROM BROADWAY TO THE SHOWMANSHIP ON THE AVENUE

ON BROADWAY they play to an audience that pays to get in and sits down for the performance. On Fifth Avenue they play to a walking, wandering audience. Even the wanderers call themselves "window shoppers."

The usual system is to arrange the mannequin-actors tastefully in a mammoth window, to surround them with colors and brocades from top to bottom of this window-stage. But lately a species of revolution has been permeating the Avenue show business.

Take a running look at the Fifth Avenue windows and you notice a lot of store fronts being made over. Many of the mammoth windows are being ripped out. In their place are going windows that can only be called—in comparison—tiny. This is a revolution, the seed of which was planted twelve years ago. The instigator was a young man named William Bayard Okie, Jr.

In 1927 Mr. Okie was a salesman in the shop of Marcus and Company, jewelers. He had tinkered with miniature sets and models, so the Marcus people let him design a few windows. Mr. Okie, given free rein, proceeded to bring down the size of the ten-foot plate glass windows as he might close down the aperture of a camera. It was his idea to focus the gaze on a single small stage.

The idea was brand new. But when Okie cut his stage down to candid size he added one more angle. He dramatized the object he was selling. With tiny spotlights, he lit his scenes in the Max Reinhardt manner.

Today, Okie is one of the most successful of the display men. When his windows have enjoyed their Avenue run, they are sent on road tours to play in other cities.

On the pages that follow you see samples of the technique whereby Okie has stopped many a Fifth Avenue window show.

—SIDNEY CARROLL

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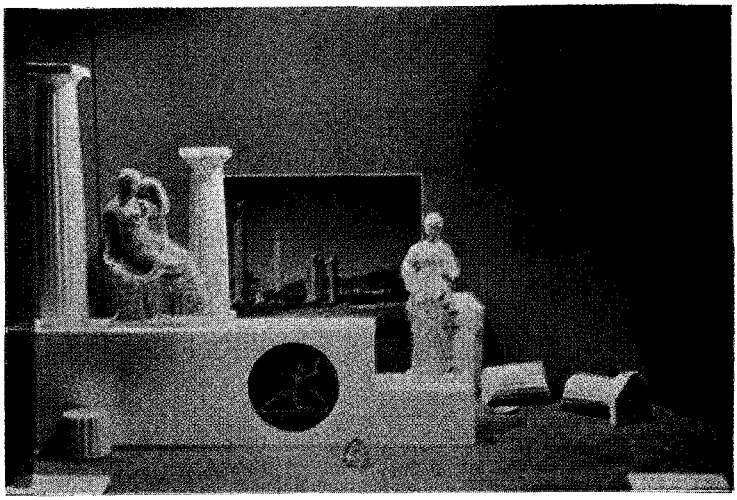
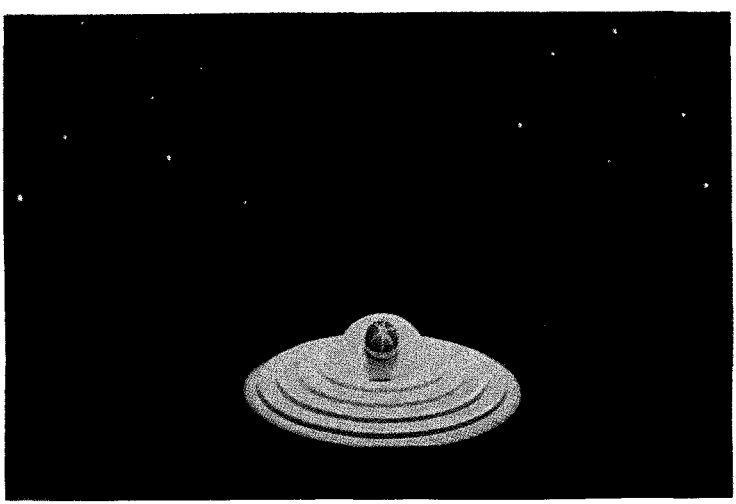


COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS, INCORPORATED

Ancient Tanagra figures and miniature Doric columns. "Classic principles are basic in modern jewelry design," says the sign in the window.



One of the permanent stage setting displays (for a huge star ruby) designed by Mr. Okie for the Museum of Natural History.

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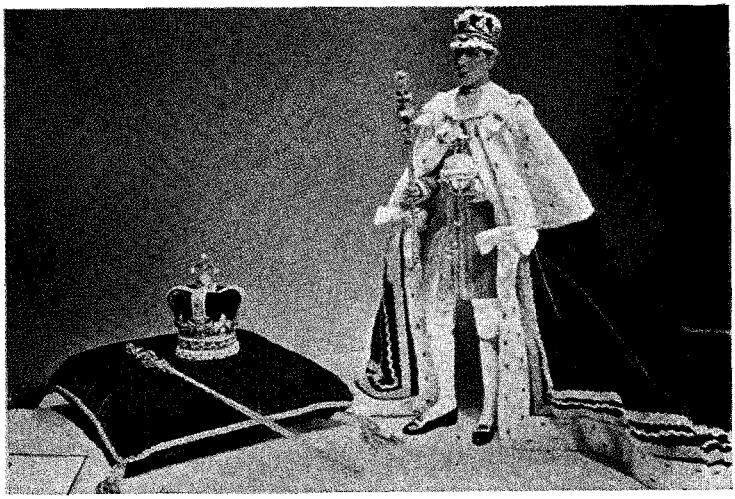
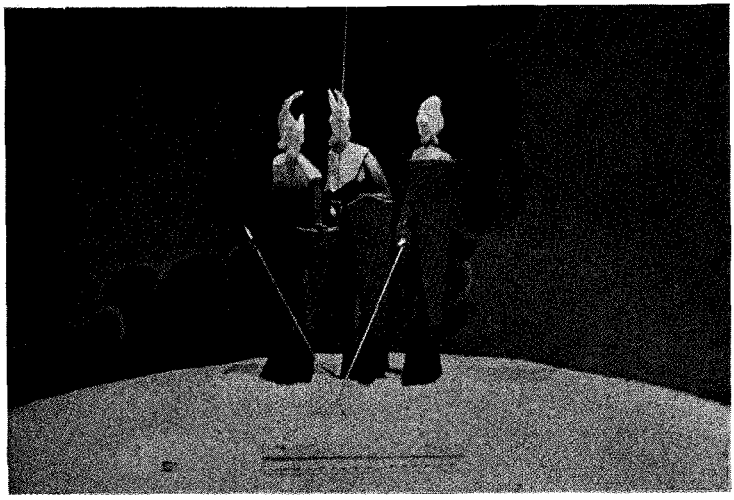


Coronation display. The full regalia of George VI, the state crown and sceptre are perfect in every detail. The whole display (those are real jewels) is worth $20,000.



Three sculptured Valkyries against a fire background. An abstract display dramatizing rubies.

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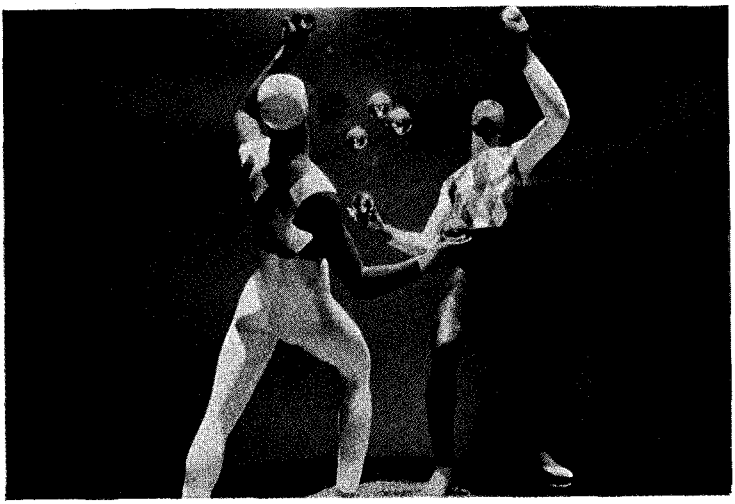
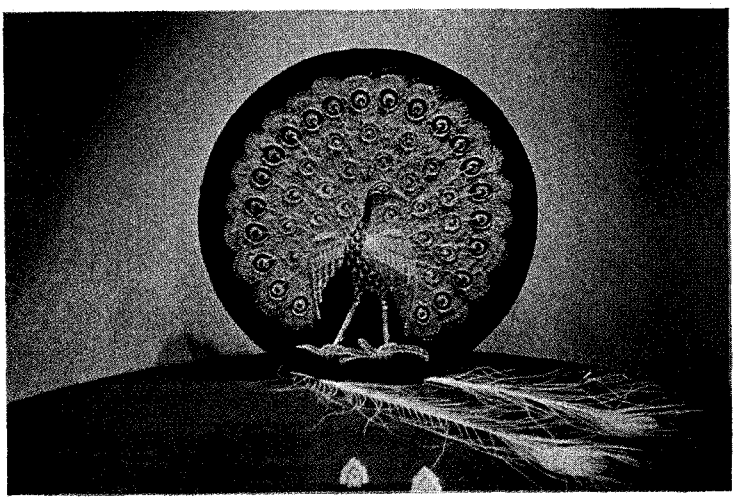


A pair of sculptured harlequins juggling solid gold balls . . . dramatizing balance in modern jewelry design, as well as the yellow metal.



A display in pure gold and jewel brocade, emphasizing the peacock feather motif in modern jewelry.

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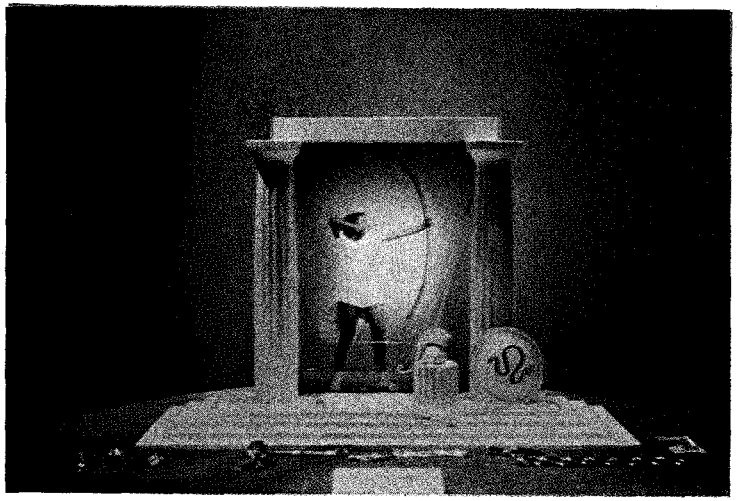
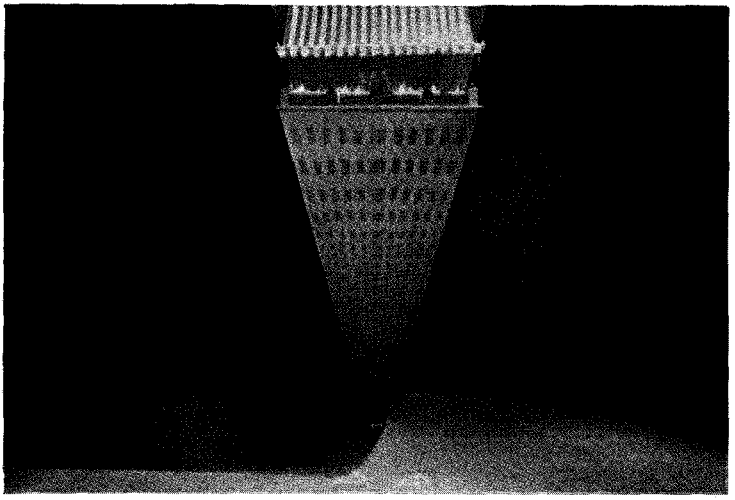


Miniature models of Greek armor in a classic setting: "Classic simplicity in modern jewels" is the title.



Perspective rendering of skyscraper penthouse, to indicate that "Cool roof tops and cool jewels are summer compensations."

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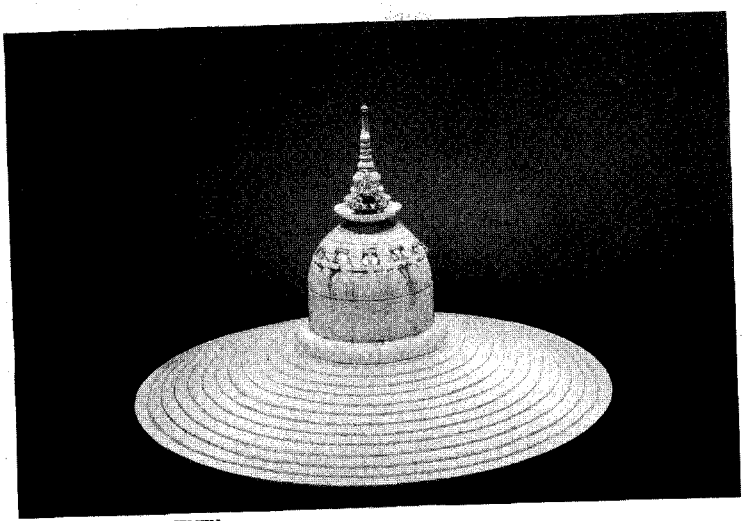

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LATELTIN

Complete abstraction, using the white temple form to suggest the country of the jewel's origin.

A setting with miniature bride, suggesting wedding stationery and, of course, wedding jewels.

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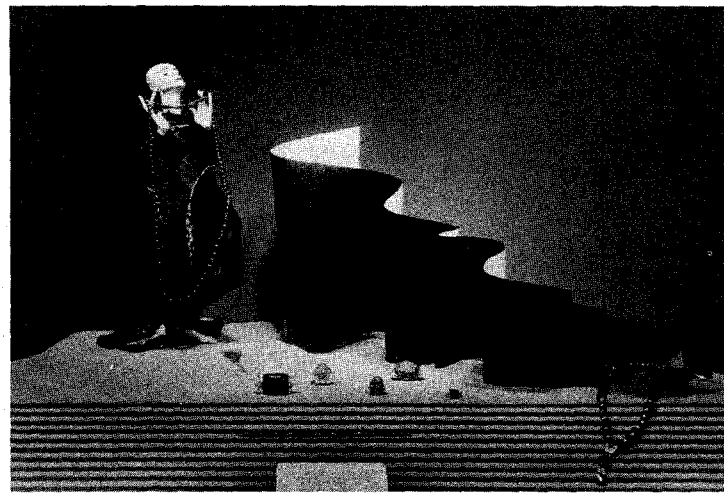
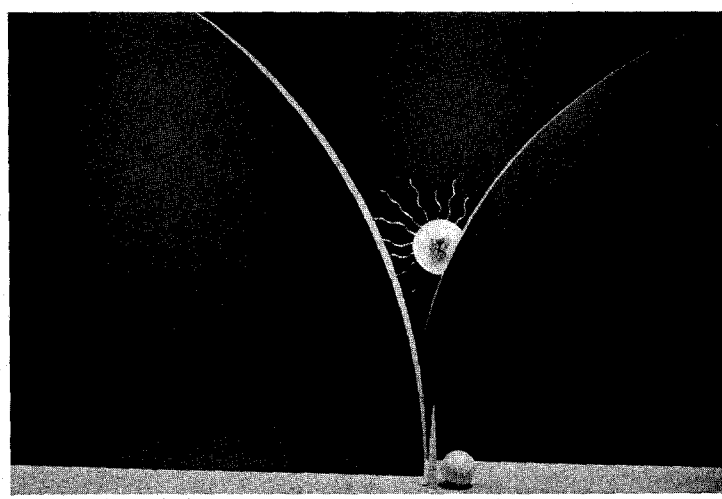


Display with a miniature carved wooden figure dramatizing the Oriental background of fine jade.



"The Dawn of a New Day," presenting a 110-karat canary diamond as the sun rising on the New York World's Fair.

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African Types

A Portfolio of Seven Photographs

By Comdr. Attilio Gatti

JUNE, 1939

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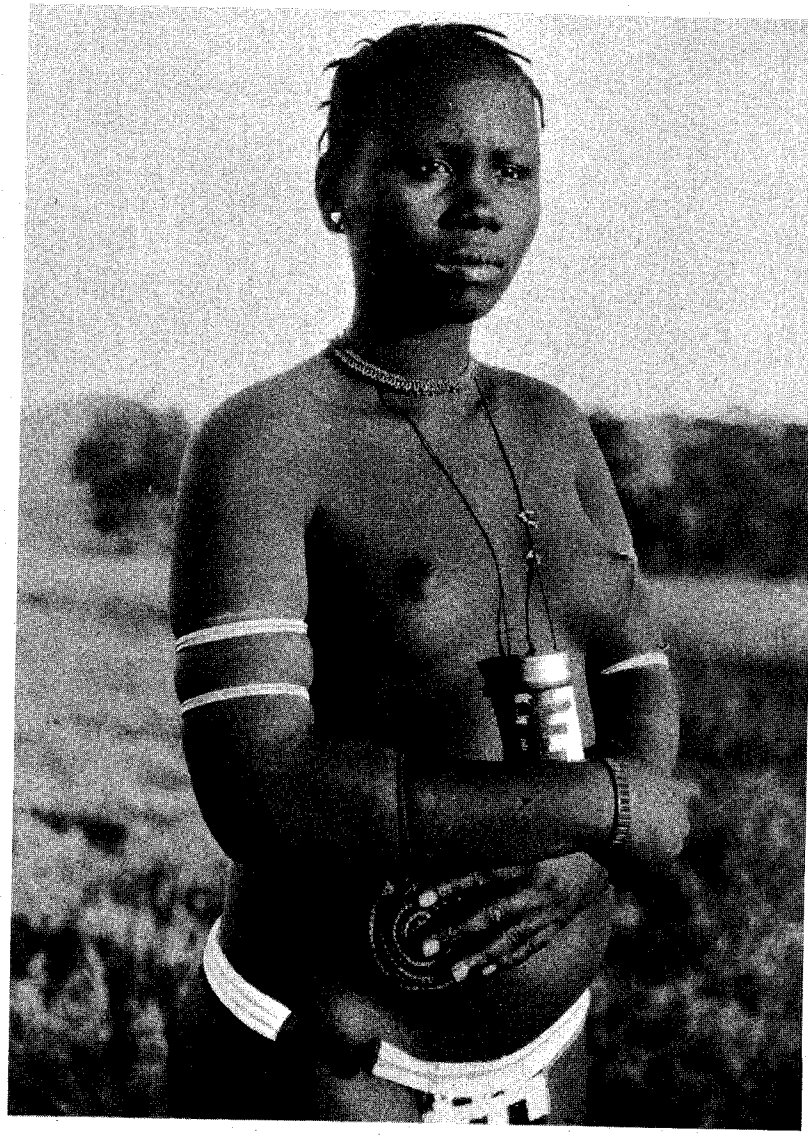

ENYATI MOUNTAIN GIRL

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KAFFIR BRIDE

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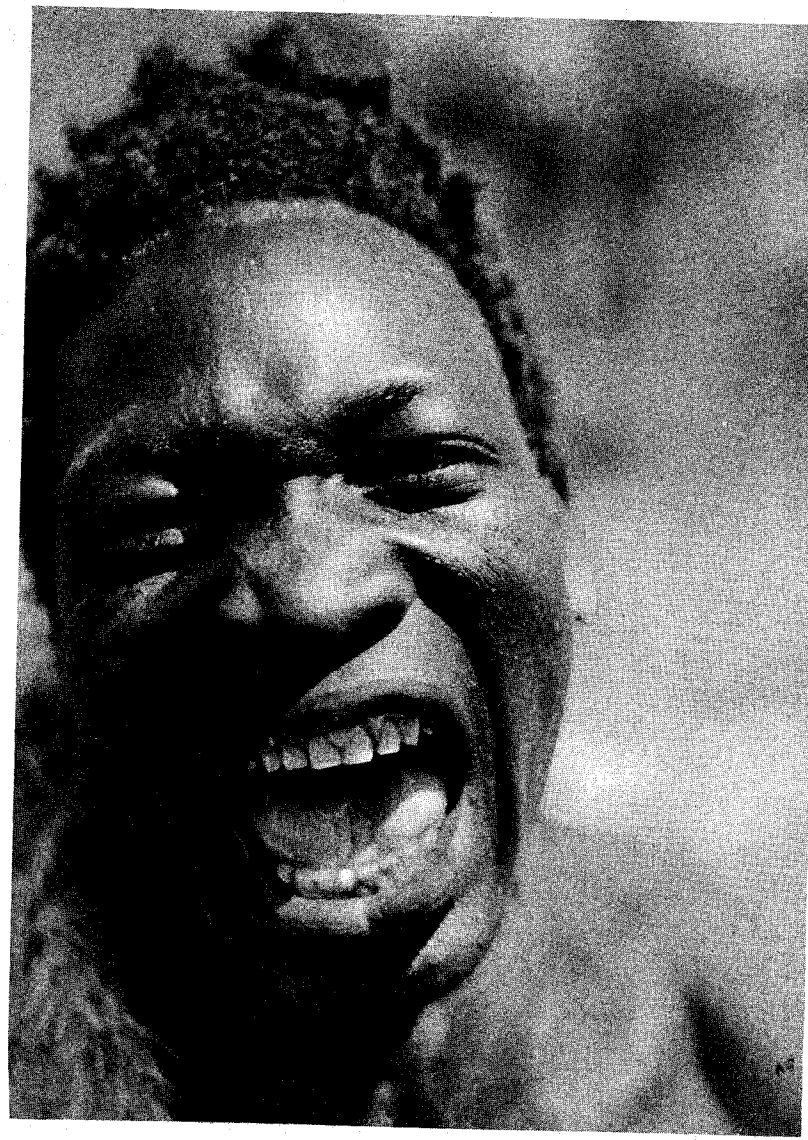

NORTHERN RHODESIAN

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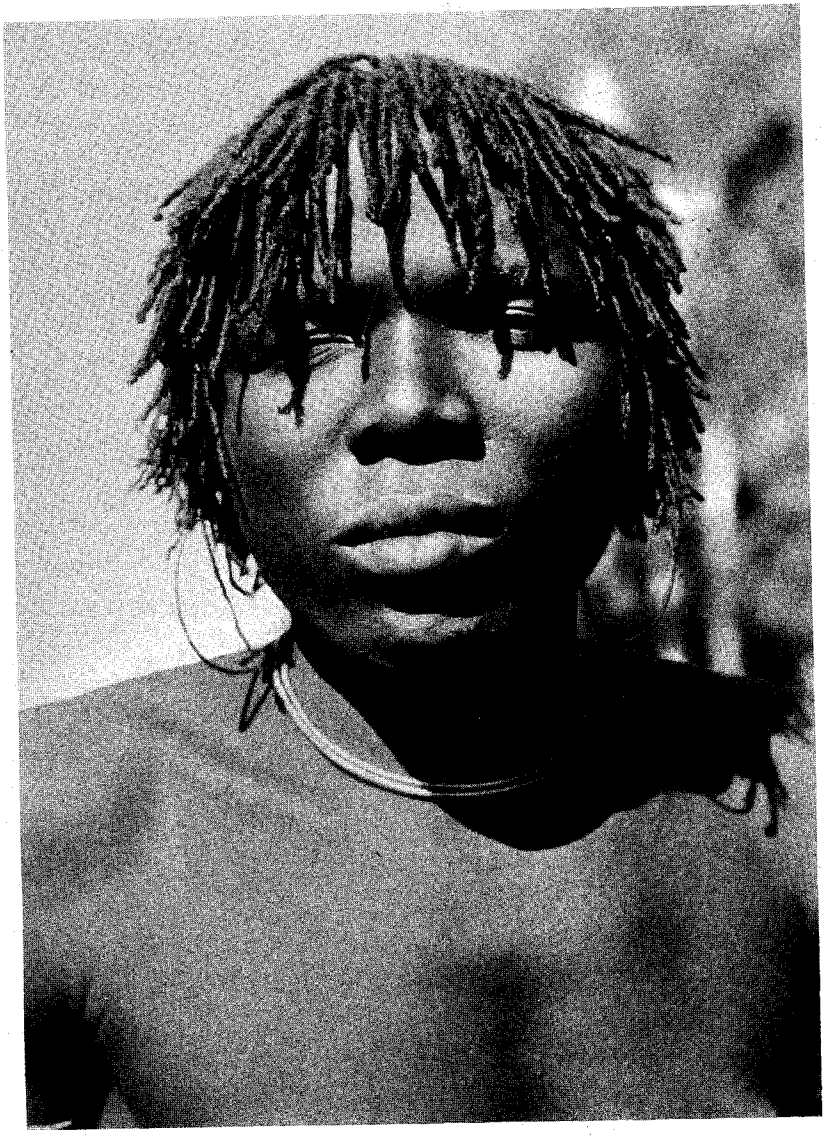

TAROTE OF MOZAMBIQUE

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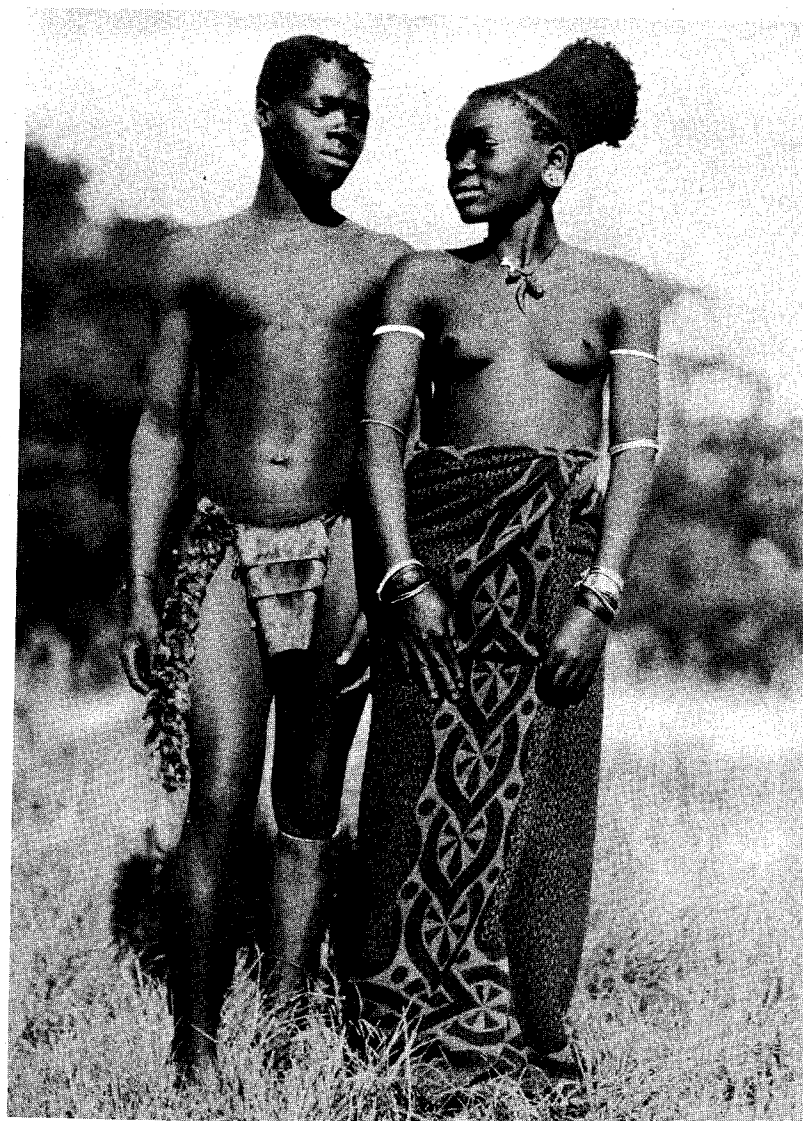

MIDLAND ZULUS

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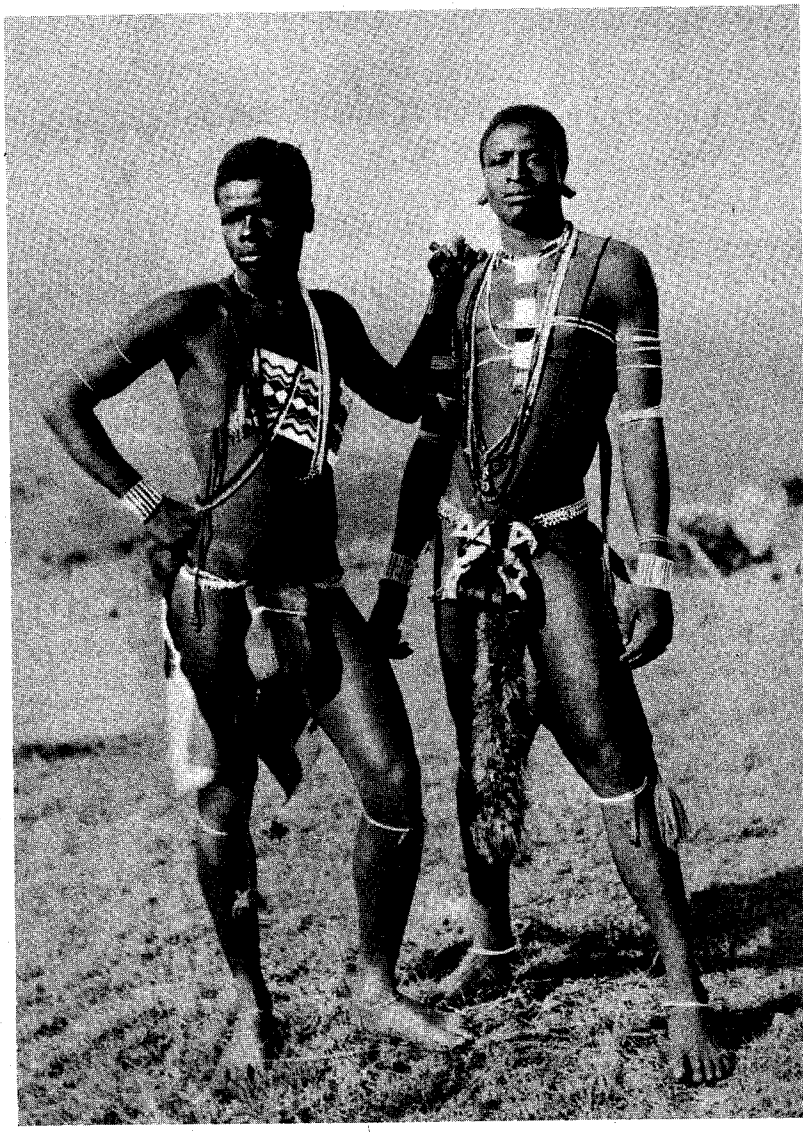

HIGHLAND ZULUS

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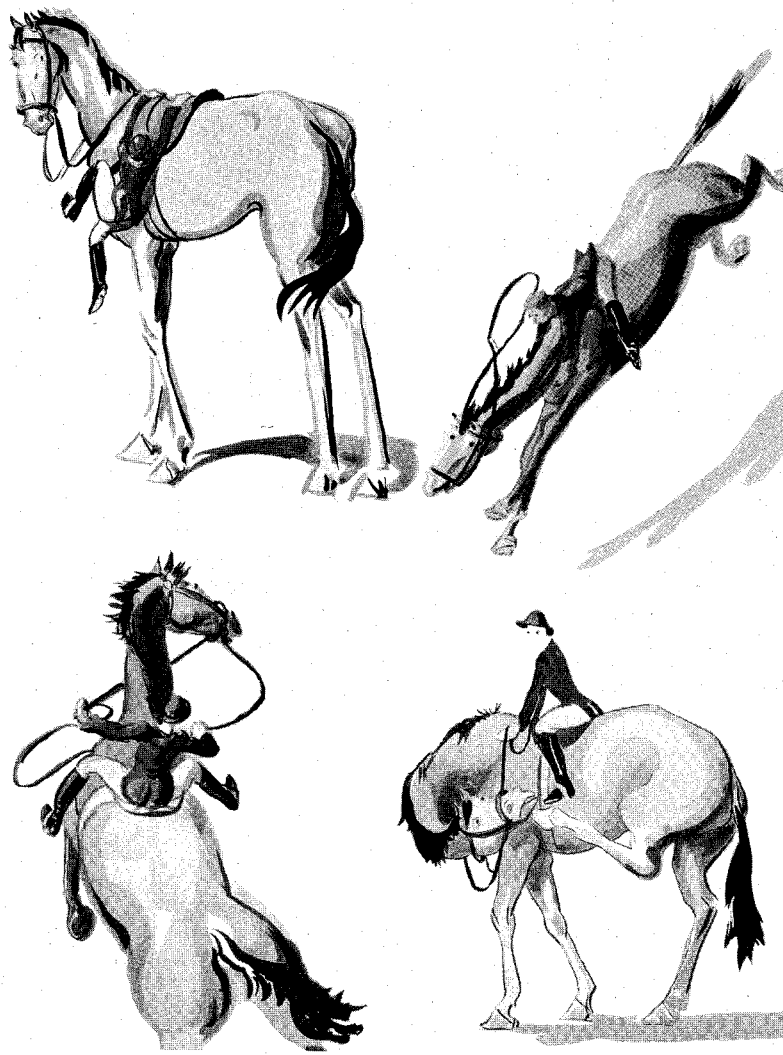
THAT LONG FIRST (AND LAST) RIDE:



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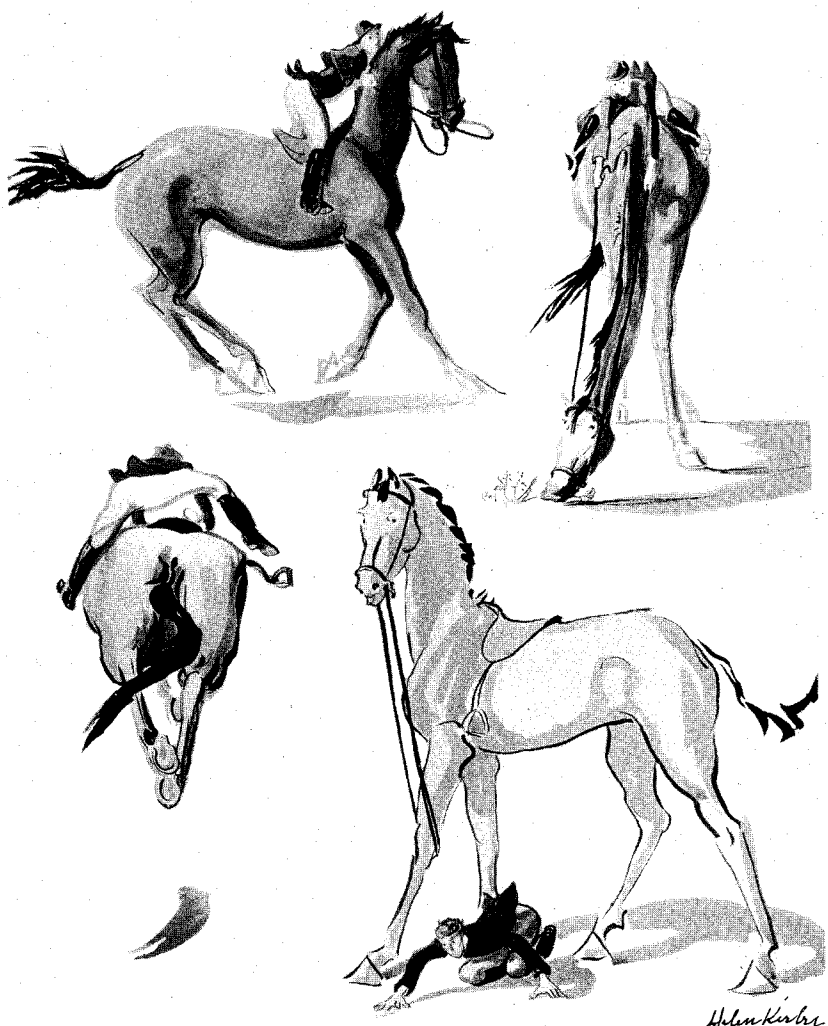
A TYRO'S-EYE VIEW BY HELEN KIRBY



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A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

JANET ROPER

THE dramatic reunions that take place in Mrs. Janet Roper's office would delight the heart of a scenario editor. If anyone would be likely to know the answer to *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* it would be Mother Roper. As director of the Missing Men Department in the Seamen's Church Institute in New York, Mother Roper annually reunites a host of long-lost men with their mothers, families and friends. During the past nineteen years she has steered home again more than 6,000 missing seamen of all ages, ratings, colors and creeds, aided by her globe-circling contacts. Fifty years ago, when she was 17, she volunteered her services in a Boston waterfront mission, where she worked with the man whom she later married. In 1915 she was left a widow with three young daughters. It was then she became associated with Seamen's Institute as a welfare worker. She saw her daughters through college, into marriage and motherhood. To her office overlooking the East River comes a volume of picturesque fan mail from old salts and cabin boys, from mothers, sisters and sweethearts the world over. She says shipwrecks bring rescuers, and that wrecked lives demand an answered SOS call too.

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JANET ROPER

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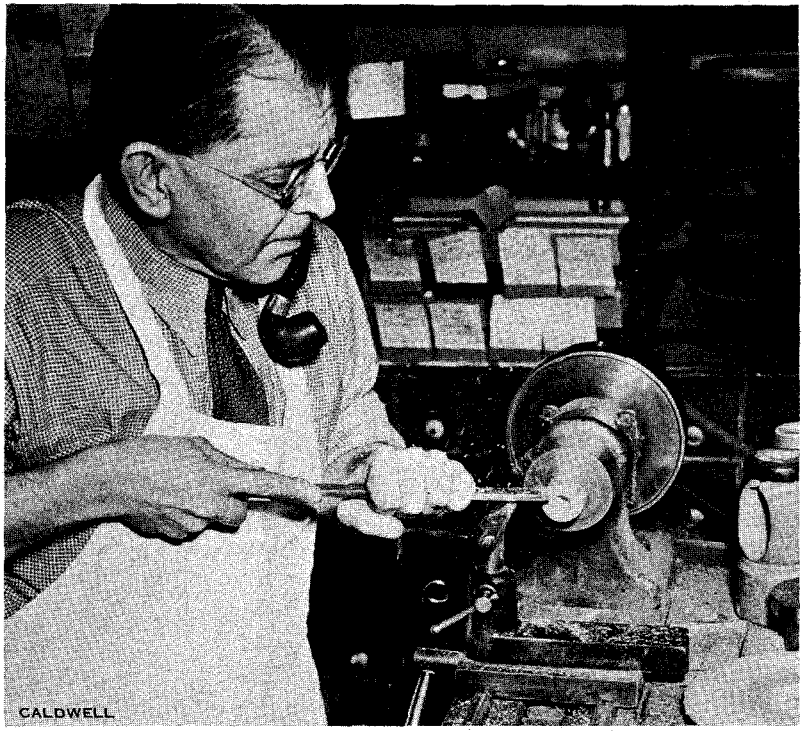

JOHN BESSAI

WHO IS ONE CRAFTSMAN WITH A JOB THAT IS LITERALLY A PIPE

THE depression turned John Bessai into a doctor ministering to sick pipes. One of the few individual pipe-makers left, he began to major in refurbishing pipes for owners who couldn't afford new ones when business went bad in 1930. Hand-fashioned briars bring $7 to $10; collectors pay as much as $100. French Algeria furnishes the finest wood, briarroot 350 years old. It usually takes half a day to hand-make a new pipe, but Bessai can turn out three if pressed. An Austrian, he turned to briarwood carving at 16, served an apprenticeship equal to a college course. After passing required examinations he worked as a helper. In 1907 he came to America, five years later bought out his boss' business. Bessai alternates smoking eight pipes as he works, says a pipe lives longer if not smoked to death.

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JOHN J. ANTHONY

WHO HAS ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS PUBLIC CONFIDANT NUMBER ONE

THE post office was unperturbed when they delivered a letter addressed to "His Excellency, the Most Reverend Counselor of the People, the Honorable Saint, Sir Judge John J. Anthony." The same tranquillity is rarely shown by the thousands who interview him over radio's *Good Will Hour* or bring their troubles to Marital Relations Institute, where Anthony's advice is sought about unwed maternity, adoption, unemployment, and what have you. A wealthy patient paid $3,000 for a single consultation; service is free to those without funds. Anthony writes books, makes lecture tours. Because he has effected reforms in marriage and divorce regulations, and been instrumental in establishing marriage-relations courses in American colleges, Anthony is the only man listed in *The Woman's Almanac for 1938.*

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FROM ACME

KENT COOPER

WHO HEADS THE ARMY OF AP NEWSGATHERERS THAT SEE AND TELL ALL

Ask Kent Cooper what your daily newspaper will be like in the future and he will tell you it's going to be 50% pictures, 50% text. He's the man who knows, for he is general manager of Associated Press, the colossus of syndication that spends $10,000,000 a year to gather and distribute most of the news published by most of the daily papers of this country, as well as many of the pictures and "features" you see in them. AP makes no profit, pays no dividends. It is co-operative—the biggest and most successful co-operative in the world. Its agile and resourceful reporters are to be found at the outposts of the earth. Cooper, Hoosier-born in 1880, began newspaper writing when an earnest adolescent of 13, became traveling inspector for AP in 1910. He has worked his way through the ranks to the top. Next to AP his most absorbing interest is golf. His game makes no news.

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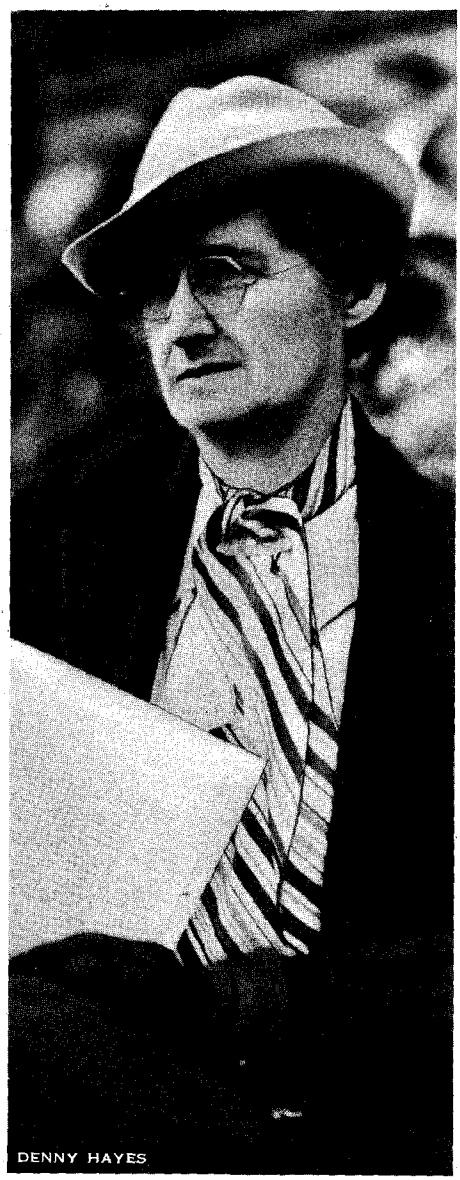
MRS. ROY LARGENT

WHO IS BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL'S ONLY WOMAN TALENT SCOUT

TODAY she is the only woman working as a big-league baseball scout, but until 1922, when she saw her first important ball game, Mrs. Roy Largent was destined for a musical career. The Chicago Conservatory of Music graduated her with high honors. Then an ace storyteller, himself a scout, persuaded her to hunt "ivory" instead. Practice and observation convinced her that she could determine a player's ability as well as any man. The late Charles A. Comiskey discovered she was right and signed her; she's been on a White Sox contract since. More than 100 men have gone to the majors over her signature —many are stars today. In addition to the White Sox, her protégés are owned by Washington, Detroit, Boston and the Chicago Cubs. During 30,000 miles of annual travel her constant companion is her husband. In her spare moments Mrs. Largent writes inspirational verse.



DENNY HAYES

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WALTER A. LOWEN

WHO HAS FOUND 30,000 JOBS FOR OTHERS AND IS STILL AT IT

IN THESE parlous times competition for jobs is sharp and the task of employment agents consequently spotlighted. Walter A. Lowen of New York, seen at his desk in the midst of an interview, is as successful in his field as some fellow members in Columbia's famous graduating class of 1917-18, which produced Dorothy Parker, Larry Hart, Morrie Ryskind, Howard Dietz and others. During the War, Lowen served in the Psychological Division of the Medical Corps, afterwards worked with advertising agencies. His experiences in changing positions and his army personnel work led him to establish a vocational bureau. He has placed more than 30,000 persons at salaries from $15 a week to $60,000 a year and has aired a series of radio programs for job seekers. He is readying *Selling Yourself* for publication.

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PORTRAIT OF PAUL STRAND

ARMED WITH CAMERA, HE HAS TAKEN HIS POST ON THE SOCIAL BARRICADES

PAUL STRAND has turned out some of the finest photographs to come out of America. Eisenstein, the Soviet director, is reported to have called him the greatest photographer in the world. This may be something of an exaggeration.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELINOR MAYER

Paul Strand

A master craftsman, hypersensitive, he has applied himself with the passion of a perfectionist to concrete, self-imposed projects. And like Leonardo, sought new tasks and experiences, once the immediate values resolved themselves.

He probed the possibilities of abstractions for their own sakes, of "candid" *genre* portraiture; he experimented with the problems of landscape, and the means of capturing the personality of a place. Today, bending himself in unison with the gusts of social pressure, he has turned to the cinema as the most poignant medium for crystallizing the materials of the world scene.

Abandoning, for a moment, his own work, he has put his shoulder to a common cause, and thrown his considerable skill and experience and time into a front against reaction.

* * *

Strand was born in New York in 1890. He took his first pictures at the Ethical Culture School—in the camera class of Lewis W. Hine.

One day Hine took his class to

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see the work of the "Photo-Secession" which was being shown—under the aegis of Stieglitz and Steichen—in the gallery called "291."

On the wall were the pioneers—the men who were making photographs because they wanted photographs, not short-cut paintings. Clarence H. White was there, Gertrude Kasebier, Frank Eugene, Coburn, Hofmeister, Watzek, Stieglitz and Steichen.

Strand took one look and went into a jam session.

"To a kid of fifteen," said Strand, "all of these were very wonderful. And even today, as I look back on them, those pictures stand as milestones in the historical development of photography—even though in some cases they represent a misconception of what photography really is."

He decided then and there that he would like to spend a lot of time trying to say things with his own camera.

At eighteen, he left school and went to work. In the interim, he took pictures.

He paid Stieglitz several visits, showed him his work. Stieglitz was sympathetic, concretely helpful.

"He had the capacity," said Strand, "for seeing what I was trying to do . . . rather than what he wanted the pictures to be."

Seven years later—in 1914—Strand felt he was "beginning to get somewhere" . . . to "arrive at my own way of seeing things and recording what I saw."

He quit business. "I decided," he said, "that, for better or worse, I wasn't cut out to be a business man."

He decided to invest in photography.

He was now set to go to work on his first idea.

"291" had hung such personages as Picasso, Picabia, Cézanne, Braque, and Marin. Form had come to America with an extended visa.

Strand decided to put these people into his own work.

"I got an inkling of the abstract approach to the object," he said, "and began consciously to apply it."

He also started experimenting with candid portraiture. He took a reflex camera—the Graflex type—mounted a big, fake lens on one side. When this was pointed straight ahead, the real lens was aimed at an unsuspecting subject off to one side.

Work with this contraption developed seven or eight important pictures—several now in the Stieglitz collection at the Metropolitan.

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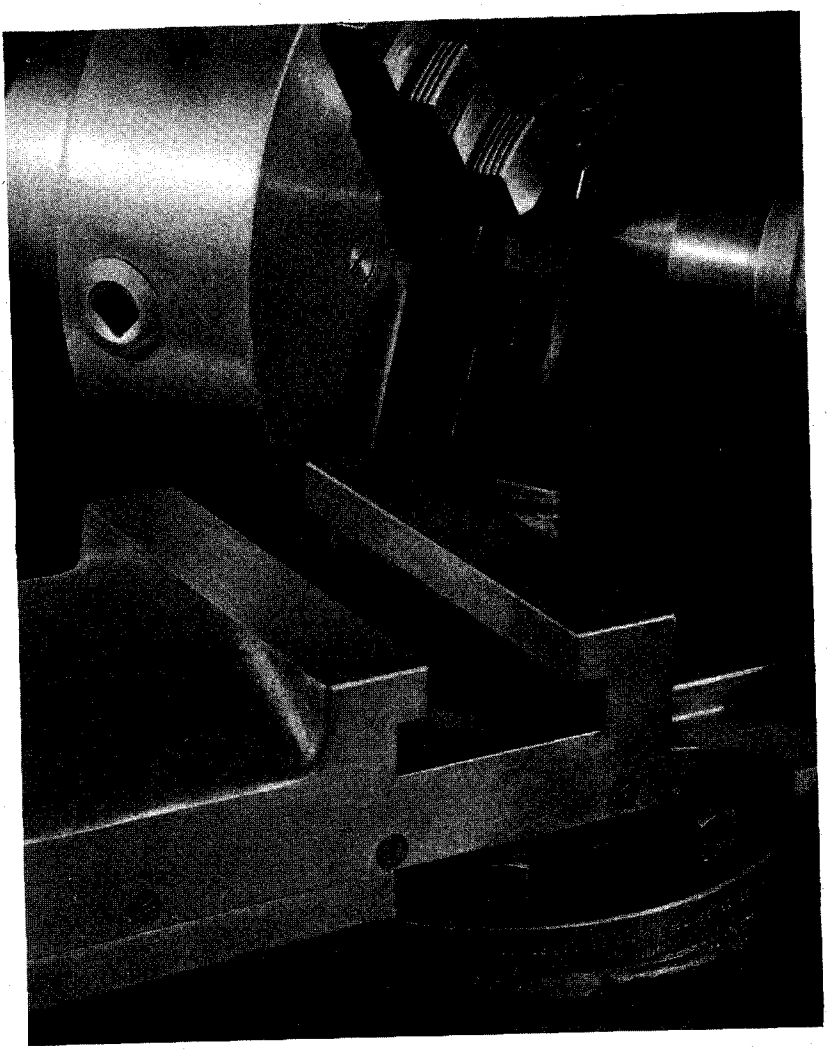

LATHE

In this shot Strand has condensed what he learned from Picasso. It is an attempt to capture in a photograph the so-called "abstract approach to the object." The significant question here is not "What does this mean?". . . but "Is this a pleasant arrangement of form?"

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DESERTED MINING TOWN

This fragment of New Mexico can be either dull as a phone book, or an exciting combination of lines and planes. Technically, it is as much an abstraction as the *Lathe*. It can be turned sideways or upside down without losing anything . . . also without gaining anything.

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MEXICAN FISHERMAN

A scene from the movie of fisher-life, *The Wave*, which Strand supervised for the Mexican government when it was interested in developing a native cinema art. The movie depicts an incident in the struggles of the coastal peasants. This still was made by Ned Scott.

He had tried to make the "Voice" of the city visual.

Strand now felt sure of himself. He tucked a pile of prints under his arm—particularly his well-known shot of the Morgan Building—and went back to see Stieglitz.

Stieglitz looked long at the Morgan picture. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he said: "I'm going to give you an exhibition."

Stieglitz also said: "I am going to put these pictures in *Camera Work*. I want you to meet Steichen; I want you to meet Marin; and I want you to feel that this is your place." Strand was inducted into the small room at the back—"where all the boys meet."

The exhibition took place.

The whole final issue of *Camera Work* went to Strand—No. 49-50—in addition to some preliminary space devoted to him in No. 48.

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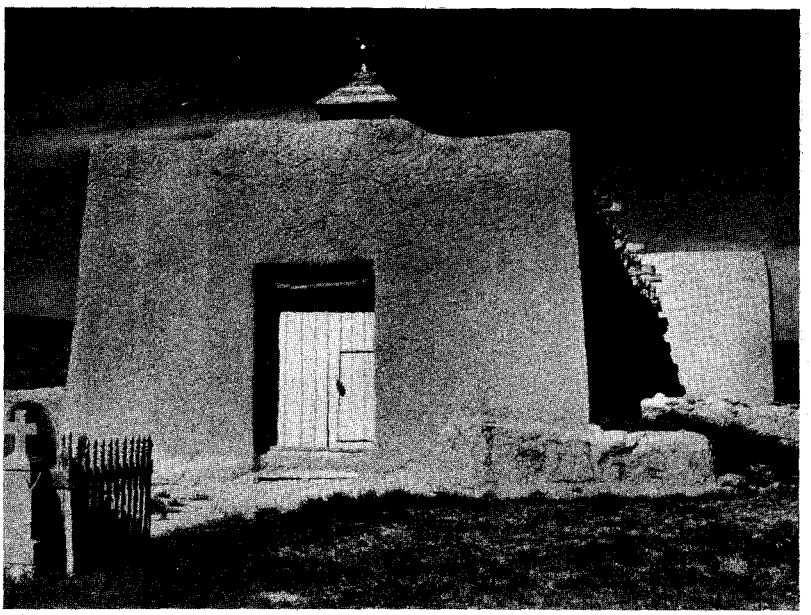

CHURCH NEAR ESPANOLA

All good photographers try to capture the essential character of their human subjects, but Strand has likewise been concerned with catching the personality of places. In this shot he has attempted to focus on the "spirit" of the building rather than the structure itself.

Paul Strand met "the boys."

* * *

Three years passed. Strand kept on with his abstractions. "After a while," he said, "I felt I could carry on this experience no further; I had to go back to reality." He again photographed New York.

For a livelihood he turned to advertising.

Strand posed a question: "Why don't the agencies really photograph the object they want to sell in such a way that it would have an impact on the reader?"

Nobody rose to answer.

When agency connections were finally made, picture orders arrived for Eno Fruit Salts. Another for Hess-Bright Ball Bearings. "I'm afraid though," said Strand, "I was a little before the times."

Later, when times were riper, he let the business of advertising

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ride. "I never pushed it," he said, "because somehow, I hate the whole idea."

In 1917 the War came.

Strand went into the army and became an X-ray technician. He trained at the Mayo Clinic; brushed up on the esthetics of surgery.

Once the War was over, he turned out a series of mechanical studies. "They were, I think," he said, "the first photographs of machines as expressions of the times."

At the same time, another idea —an outgrowth of the work at Mayo's—presented itself: surgery is a fine art. But the best examples of it are confined to the salons of the big hospitals. Why not record these in motion pictures—let medical students everywhere see them?

Wheels were set going. A company was formed. Offices were opened, equipment bought.

The first camera used was an old Pathé—too crude for the exacting problems of the new work. Strand, scouting for equipment, properly advised and backed, placed an order for the expensive Akley camera—designed by Carl Akley, the explorer.

Months passed. The firm sighed twice and expired. The Akley company, rather than wrestle with creditors, proposed that Strand take over the camera—pay for it gradually out of the income bound to accrue to an "Akley specialist."

Strand was game.

Overnight he became a professional cameraman, functioning on a free-lance basis. Working, on and off, for Famous Players, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount News, he made a journalist's living. He had ups, downs, little "art"—much excitement.

In 1925, his machine studies were shown at the Anderson Galleries in an exhibit of painting and photography, arranged by Stieglitz and called "Seven Americans." The other six included Marin, O'Keeffe, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, and Stieglitz.

* * *

It is not necessary, in this space, to go into all of Strand's shows or "ideas." Times and conditions changed—and Strand changed with them.

Concerned for years with the personality of things and places, he was now to relate it more closely to the social fabric.

In the fall of 1932, he arrived in Mexico. His friend, Carlos Chavez, the composer, then head of the Conservatory of the Mexican Department of Education, formally introduced and sponsored him.

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Political wheels turned. Chavez became head of the Department of Fine Arts.

He proposed that Mexico develop a native cinema art, asked Strand to engineer the project.

Strand told him, "The government should make films that are not in the strictest sense educational, but which show the means of producing wealth and are tied together with a story of the lives of the people engaged in such work. They should have 'social meaning.'"

A story was evolved out of something Strand saw on a visit to the Tropic coast. Nine months went into the shooting. The picture—later to be called *The Wave*—was completed in the silent version.

The administration changed. Cardénas climbed into the saddle. The project ended. The final version of the picture was sympathetically prepared by the Cardénas government.

* * *

Strand came home. Then one day the American scene, charged with social consciousness, suddenly became photogenic. Pare Lorentz was now working with the New Deal's Resettlement Administration, planning a picture about dust—its cause and cure.

Strand was invited to help design and shoot the material, together with Ralph Steiner and Leo Hurwitz. The result was *The Plow that Broke the Plains*.

The story now takes an abrupt turn.

Strand abandons still photography for the moment, and gives himself up, whole hog, to a cinematic presentation of social and economic conflicts in present day life.

"If fascism comes," he says, "all art dies . . . anyway."

Taking a leaf out of the Russian book, he has chosen the cinema as the most dramatic form to work in . . . and the form closest to the people. "We want to make people feel," he says, "as well as think."

He tackled a new "problem"—the problem of using documentary material in such a way as to create the strongest dramatic impact.

He aligned himself with an experimental professional group which was to call itself Frontier Films. This group boldly proposed to present the world of today, unretouched by Hollywood's Italian hand.

Although the first film planned was to deal with child labor, world events "dumped other things into their laps." The first film actually produced was *Heart of Spain*, based on the story of blood transfusions

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TERRORIZED SHARECROPPER

Scene from Strand's newest picture, dramatizing violations of the Bill of Rights in present-day America. In this project, based on records of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, Strand himself turns the crank of the camera. This still is by Elinor Mayer.

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TENANCINGO, MEXICO

Although this is not technically a "candid" shot, Strand has maintained in it all the realism and ease of candid portraiture—yet controlling every detail of texture and composition. It is his typical approach. These people have personalities, they breathe and talk.

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in Madrid, and the heroism of the Madrileños.

China Strikes Back was the second; *People of the Cumberland*, the third. The fourth production, again shot in Spain, was *Return to Life*.

In none of these did Strand function as cameraman. He worked in his new role, an associate in editing and production.

In the fifth film—a feature-length project—he goes back to the crank.

* * *

Most of Strand's still photographs have been made on platinum paper—"the most beautiful paper ever made." He lays great emphasis on print quality. "Most photographers," he claims, "think their work ends with the negative." But the print is the ultimate objective, and great skill, knowledge, feeling are needed to make it live.

In cameras, he confines himself, usually, to two types—a 4 x 5 reflex, of the Graflex type; and an 8 x 10 view camera. In each case he uses a lens of comparatively long focal length; 10 inches for the 4 x 5 film; 16½ inches for the 8 x 10 size.

He has a great deal to say about esthetics. He is concerned with what he calls the unity of a work of art: as being characteristic of all the arts. He claims that "a photograph can have that unity in which there is an organism relationship between every shape, line and tone which the photographer includes in his frame."

His prejudices against enlarging are strong. "If the destiny of a photograph is for reproduction," he says, "it doesn't really matter. It is not looked at from the viewpoint of: 'Do you want it to hang on the wall!'

"But as an object of art-in-itself, I have yet to see an enlargement that hasn't lost the most beautiful and expressive qualities of the medium."

* * *

An admirer of the work of the pioneer Scotsman, David Octavius Hill; the French documentarian, Atget; and Stieglitz—Strand, for years, worked within the bounds of their tradition.

Today, a gasping world makes that tradition a questionable luxury. Strand has stepped out of the ivory sanctum, filled his hands with fresh earth, and set about building breastworks. His thesis is that life comes before art, for without life art ceases to exist. Michelangelo himself could scarcely paint a fresco on the barbed wire of a concentration camp. —ROBERT W. MARKS

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After all, there's no place like it *Home-Owning Made Easy*, which appears in this issue, by no means scoops anybody that we can think of at the moment. But the information picked up by the average person about the Federal Housing Administration and what it does for prospective home-owners is so random and nebulous that we thought it would be a good idea to put these facts into concrete form. We hear about projects like the one undertaken by FHA and they all sound so grandiose that we never realize they might apply to little us. When the government points its finger in the general direction of 130,000,000 people, no one individual among them is likely to step out of the ranks and say, "Who? Me?" But reading the article, if you've given any thought at all to owning your own home, might make you say, "Why, this is where I come in!" If it does, you still may not know just what contact to establish in getting under way. That's too individualized a piece of information to communicate in the article itself, but if you write to Coronet we'll put you in touch with the proper authority in your particular instance.

★ ★ ★

The author of *Home-Owning Made Easy* is Annabel Lee, who wrote a memorable article entitled *Houses of Earth*, published in the June, 1937 issue. The article expounded the little-known but adequately-demonstrated fact that anybody who owns a lot is standing on his own best building-materials supply. It told how a surprisingly livable home can be constructed at surprisingly little cost from rammed earth taken from the site. Some of the more specialized construction details were pruned from the article for the sake of readability, but at the time it appeared, an offer was made to send a mimeographed copy of the complete, unedited article to those interested, upon receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope. Since that date 4,237 mimeographed copies have been sent to readers, and requests show no sign of abatement. The offer still stands, but we hope the FHA won't get after us for bringing this up.

★ ★ ★

The Theatre Arts presentation for this issue goes off on a rather abrupt tangent. But judge for yourself if the better window displays haven't been good theatre all along and never knew it.

★ ★ ★

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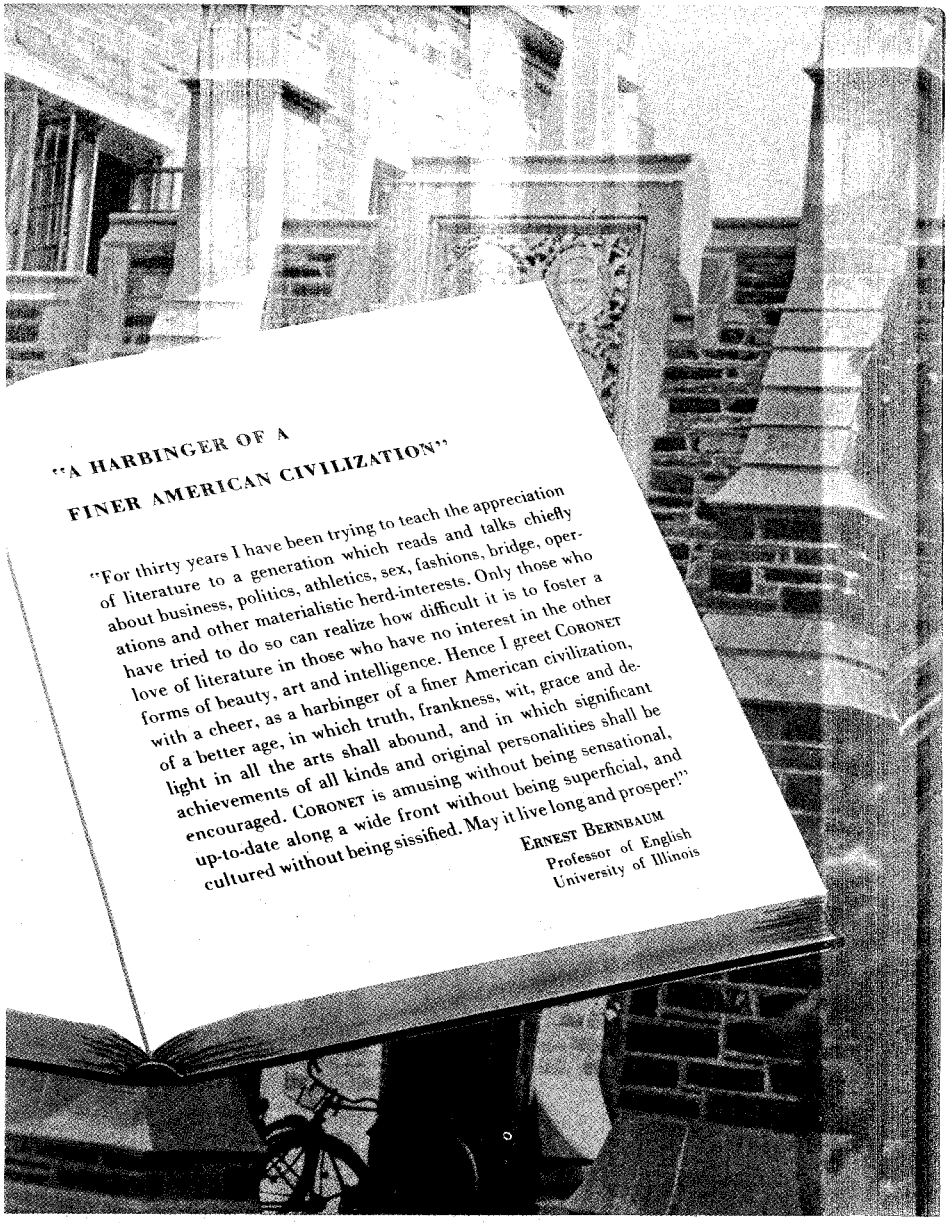

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